

In His Memory

by WeasleyTwin2

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Summary: This is a story set one year after Final Confrontation ends. Draco Malfoy discovers things he never knew about himself and a new and powerful enemy arises. An After Hogwarts Tale. ~Final two chapters uploaded~.

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory: Prologue

Disclaimer: This prologue is set three months after the "Battle of Hogwarts" in ****Final Confrontation**** If you have not read ****Final Confrontation**** I recommend that you do so before you read this because the two stories are connected. All the characters here with the exception of Seth-Ra belong to J.K. Rowling and her publishers. Seth-Ra is my own evil creation. Enjoy!

In His Memory: Prologue

By WeasleyTwin2

These are the times that try men's soulsâ€|

**** The American Crisis****

Thomas Paine

One hero dies-a thousand new ones riseâ€|

Nathan Hale

**** ** William Partridge**

Sunlight reflected off the lake at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry turning it into molten gold. In the distant forest birds were singing but this was the only sound carried on the otherwise still and silent air. It was extremely odd for the school grounds to

be laying in total silence on a sunny Saturday afternoon. Usually by this time of day the grounds came alive with students relaxing after a week of studies but there were no students here though September first had already come and gone. For the first time in the hundreds of years since it's founding, Hogwarts was not in session. Letters had been sent home with surviving students after the "Battle of Hogwarts" telling parents there would be no classes for the next six months to a year while repairs were made to the castle and grounds and new teachers sought for vacated positions. The letters, written in emerald green ink, were sighed by Hogwarts' new Headmistress Minerva McGonagall.

Professor McGonagall had wanted things at Hogwarts to return to normal as quickly as possible because a bit of normalcy would have helped her to deal with the deaths of so many people she knew. Realistically she knew things would probably never be "normal" again. For herself, she would always be looking for students and friends who were no longer among the living. Three months after the battle, the castle was still barely habitable and they were still clearing rubble and finding bodies. McGonagall shuddered at the thought of discovering any more bodies of people she knew amid the wreckage of the castle. She hadn't handled the last one well and soon after she had pulled herself off helping to clear rubble and began to concentrate on the day to day running of the school instead, although this did very little to take her mind off those lost.

"Things will be better when we've reopened. I hope," she thought.

She had found teachers for most of the now vacated positions except one: Defense

Against the Dark Arts. She had a person in mind that she wanted to ask to take the job again; she just hoped that after last year he would be willing and able to teach. The death of Harry Potter was hard on everyone of course, but it seemed to have hit Remus Lupin hardest of all. He had requested an indefinite leave of absence after the funeral and seeing how bad Remus had looked McGonagall had agreed. She had sent Sirius with him so that he wouldn't be alone. Sirius had been in almost as bad a state as Remus and McGonagall thought the two friends should grieve for their loss together. They had looked as if they had lost their best friend again and in a way they had. Harry was so much like James it had been like having him back and to lose Harry was like losing James all over again. She looked out her window, tears blurring her vision for a moment as she remembered the father and son who had seemed to be so much alike. They had been almost like twins though they had been born decades apart. Harry had done exactly as James would have in his place.

Professor McGonagall shook her head trying to clear it of the memories that were threatening to engulf her.

"I just hope Remus will come back. We need him here," she thought as the sun glinted off the granite stone that now marked Harry's grave.

Picking up the letter she was sending to Remus, she left her room for the owlery.

*

Ron and Ginny Weasley had been asked by Hermione and her parents to stay with them until they sorted out where they were going to go. Ron accepted the invitation because he wasn't ready to go back to the Barrow and because Fred and George were still in the hospital recovering from the injuries they had sustained in the battle. They had been found several days after the end of the battle, barely alive, in the rubble of a collapsed tunnel. George said they were lucky they weren't in the main building when the tunnel collapsed on them because if they had been then most likely they would have died. They had been visiting the school the morning of the attack and had offered, when it became clear that they were surrounded, to try and take a couple of the school owls outside the ring created by Voldemort's creatures via a secret passage they knew of that lead to Hogsmeade. Once outside the ring they would send the owls to the Ministry of Magic warning them of the attack and requesting their aide. They were just returning from this errand when the tunnel collapsed just as the last of the magical defenses around Hogwarts fell. In a matter of seconds they were buried under rubble and dirt but fortunately none of the walls had fallen on them.

Though Fred and George had a house near the school and although they had told Ron and Ginny they could stay there, Ron and Ginny felt uncomfortable staying alone somewhere strange and Hermione didn't want to be alone either because she was having nightmare replays of the battle nearly every night. She was glad when her parents offered to take the Weasleys in. Hermione had also asked Draco Malfoy to stay with them but he had politely declined the offer. Ron thought it was because Hermione and her parents were Muggles but Hermione had the feeling that though that would have been the case in the past it was not the case this time. She had detected something different about him lately. Ever since the battle Draco had been acting strangely and totally unlike his former self. It was almost as if the death of so many had caused him to reevaluate everything in his life and make changes in it before it was too late. She wondered what he was doing and where he was now. They had not heard anything from him in months and she was beginning to worry. After all they had been through she hoped he was doing all right.

*

Draco Malfoy had not returned to Malfoy Manor after the funeral of Harry Potter. He felt it was too big for one person to live in alone and though he wanted to be left alone, he did not want to be rattling around in a huge house full of Dark Arts objects, nosey servants and unhappy memories. So he had sold the house, released the servants with full pay and disposed of the Dark Arts objects that had nearly cost him his soul and had cost him his family. He took the money from the sale and gave it away first to the orphans of the "Battle of Hogwarts" and then to the school so that the castle might be restored properly. He also gave money to the fund set up for the memorial to those who died in the struggle against Voldemort and with several others started the Harry Potter Scholarship Fund for promising but poor wizards who wished to attend Hogwarts whether they were of Muggle or wizard blood. He knew his father would have sneered at this but he didn't care. Draco wanted the Malfoy name to carry a new and better meaning than it had in the past. He was tired of everyone fearing him because of his name and he was tired of the Dark Arts which had cost him nothing but pain and suffering. On the day of the

funeral he had renounced the Dark Arts forever and had vowed to make a change in his life. He intended to just that.

With the remaining money from the sale of Malfoy Manor he had bought a small house in a secluded area near Godric's Hollow where he lived alone or so he thought. Every once in a while he had the feeling someone was watching him, waiting for something but he didn't know who it could be or what they were waiting for. When this happened he would look carefully around to make sure no one was there and he never found anyone.

"Am I going mad with grief and guilt?" he wondered, as he left his house for what he hoped would be a nice relaxing walk in the woods.

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Deep under the burning desert sands of Egypt, far to the south of Hogwarts, a tomb that had been sealed with the strongest of spells for countless ages has been reopened. At long last the evil imprisoned within it has been unleashed on an unsuspecting world. The curse upon this tomb back lashed on to the curse breaker and Seth-Ra's spirit, which had been sealed in that prison more than a thousand years before by Godric Gryffindor, was able to enter the body of the curse breaking wizard by destroying his very soul and placing his own soul in its place using an ancient spell that Voldemort had been unable to completely master.

"I live again!" he cried as he left his prison far behind him. "This time there will be no mistakes. Mine ancient enemy, I come. You will die and the world will be mine!"

*

The spirit of Harry Potter floated above the red granite stone that marked his grave and pondered. He had felt Seth-Ra's spirit reenter the world of the living, stealing the body of another. He wasn't sure how he knew, he just did. It was like the warning that came before a bad storm. There was something that he could read on the wind. He shivered and tried to remember what he knew of Seth-Ra and his battle with Godric Gryffindor in a time long before Hogwarts founding, a time before Gryffindor had earned his name, to a time when he was still a very young though powerful wizard who went by the name Osirius in Egypt. The trouble was there was not much written about this battle, in fact it had no name. All that Harry had been able to dig up were a few fragmentary records that warned of Seth-Ra's eventual rise to power and said that only the son of Osirius and the weapons that were in his possession had a hope of defeating him. That was why he had asked Ron, Hermione and Draco to guard those same weapons. They must never fall into the hands of Seth-Ra or his minions or more lives would be lost then had been in the "Battle of Hogwarts"

Harry bowed his head, remembering all those who had already given their lives in the fight against evil. Of the Hogwarts class of 1997 fully half were killed outright or had, like Harry, died of wounds received in battle. The remainder of the class had become a close-knit group setting aside all house rivalries in the face of such deep sorrow and grief. Harry looked toward the castle and saw the monument to those slain in the battle against Voldemort. The

"Hogwarts Wall of Honor", as it was called, normally glowed with a soft magical light though right now sunlight was glinting off it's polished surface. The house flags that flew above the monument rippled in the wind, looking for a moment as if they were alive. Each of the four Hogwarts houses had a section of the monument made of stone that magically reflected that house's colors and all the names carved into the wall were inlaid with shimmering silver that reflected even the dimmest light. Across the top was carved: _In Remembrance of those who gave their lives that others might know peace_. The Gryffindor section of the wall was glowing with a faint scarlet light that Harry could see from where he floated. Harry knew that among the names on that part of the wall were the names of his parents. He looked heavenward and hoped they were happy wherever they were now.

"I hope I've made the right choice by staying," he thought, as his eyes traveled the length of the "Wall of Honor"

He sighed and wished for the hundredth time that he hadn't died because this had only complicated things. He had been the last living heir of Osirius/Gryffindor and only he would be able to defeat Seth-Ra according to all he had read. But exactly how much of a chance did a dead heir have against him? Could he still defeat Seth-Ra even though he was dead? Harry didn't have any answers to these questions and what's more he wasn't sure his powers could still have any effect in the living world.

"I should have been more careful in that last battle. I should have let Draco handle things. He is perfectly capable of defending himself, after all. That was really a SMART move, Potter," he shook his head, remembering himself running forward to aide Malfoy and the feeling of pain as the knives had entered his body.

Harry floated back down to the ground and headed for the castle to check on the progress of the repair work still grumbling about the hand fate had dealt him. He could only hope that they would have enough time to prepare and that somehow the others could wield the powers of Gryffindor. For if they couldn't he shuddered to think what might happen.

To be continued

2. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory:

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In His Memory***

Part One: Draco's Journey

By: WeasleyTwin2

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On that day our friendship started

It will last as long as we live

Once together never parted

All we have to give we'll give

"The Birds They Put in Cages"

From the musical: **Norte-Dame de Paris**

Who's to say who's right or wrong

Whose course is braver run?

Still we are, have always been, will ever be, as one

"Friends Never Say Goodbye"

From the soundtrack: ** The Road to El Dorado**

** **

Life always moves on, even when you wish it would just stop for a moment so that you can catch your breath. I wish I could go back to the past and change things, take back things I said and did but I know it's not possible. The past is as unalterable as the location of the North Star. It's too late to tell him all I wantedâ€¦ no needed to say to heal the rift between us. Harry was dead, irrevocably, irreversibly dead and all my wishing cannot ever bring him back nor can it restore the Potter line, which was ended forever by Harry's final confrontation with Voldemort. He had died bravely, unselfishly giving his life to end Voldemort's evil and the entire wizard world had mourned. Some were still in mourning for "The Boy Who Lived" and I was among those who still mourned. A year had passed since that awful day. A year to the day of his death and still I could not bring myself to attend the memorial service I knew would be occurring at Hogwarts a few days from now. Instead I sat in my little house, alone, trying to piece together my shattered life and to mourn for one I had never called friend but who had become my friend in the end. My grief was such that I had not been able to face anyone for the last year. Seeing them only reminded me of all we'dâ€¦ I'd lost to gain freedom from Voldemort's evil.

It may surprise you to learn that I, Draco Malfoy, have a heart and feelings just as any other man. It might also surprise you to learn that I have turned my back on the Dark Arts forever. It was a hard and bitter struggle to come to that decision but I feel in my heart that my vow to renounce the Dark Arts made on the day of Harry's death was right. The Malfoy's, who were once known for our support of Dark wizards will never again turn to dark magic. It ends here and now with me. I may never marry and the Malfoy line may die even as the Potter line has but I would rather my family's name pass into history than to have the Malfoy's return to the Dark Arts. The price exacted by them is just too high for me to ever pay again or for anyone else to presume to ask future generations to pay. Support of the Dark Arts has cost me my family and the friendships I might have made. I have promised myself to someday try and right the wrongs my family has committed fully realizing that this goal is likely impossible to accomplish.

All I can concentrate on now is my grief, which cuts me like a knife leaving no room for any other thoughts. Perhaps my grief still hangs over me like a dark cloud because I was with Harry in his last battle and in his last moments of life. My heart still hasn't healed and it may never truly be healed. Ever since I renounced evil I have felt emotions deeper than I had ever before. Everyone else seems to have picked up the pieces and moved on but I haven't been able to. Maybe it's because I had counted him as my enemy, my rival only to discover too late what it might have been to call him friend. Or maybe it's because he forgave me in the end for every word and act I had committed against him. In his last moments he had looked up at me with his green, pain filled eyes full of understanding as I tried desperately to apologize and had said in a harsh whisper that I was forgiven for it all. He reached out a thin, pale hand to me and clasped my hand with his burning one. In a slightly stronger voice he asked me to promise him that I would carry on the fight against evil in his place. He was sure there was someone else waiting to take Voldemort's place even as Voldemort himself had taken Dark Lord Grindelwald's place. I nodded but Harry must have read the doubt I felt in my eyes because his green eyes became alight with fire for a moment and he smiled the pale ghost of a grin.

"You may not think you can take my place but you will," he said quietly.

"But Ron and Hermione—" I had said.

"I named Ron as the heir to Gryffindor's powers and sword because he is of my house. I gifted Hermione with my cloak because of her wisdom and cunning. To you I left my most important and powerful gift. My wand and its powers are now yours."

He looked at the wand, which I held, hungrily for a moment then looked up into my eyes again holding mine with his.

"The wand is very old and extremely powerful," he had continued in a stronger voice. "Even I haven't learned all of its powers, though in time I might have. I was once told that the wand chooses the wizard and my wand has chosen you to be its bearer in the coming battle against an evil far more powerful than Voldemort ever was. Please promise me that you will honor my last request. Take the wand, guard it, learn what you can of its powers and fight the coming darkness—"

His voice dropped away as a new wave of pain hit him; the poison was moving quickly through his system and I knew it wouldn't be long now. He had reached the final stage of the symptoms and I stood silently with tears running down my face. Harry closed his eyes and he squeezed my hand so hard that I was surprised it didn't break. The wave of pain passed and he opened his eyes again. He looked at me and I could read pain, sorrow and something else in them.

"Promise—" he whispered, reaching out to touch the wand I held.

"I promise to fight this new evil with all my heart and soul. I also promise to guard this wand with my life and never surrender it to anyone but the other guardians," I intoned softly and to my surprise the wand began to glow with a faint red light that faded slowly from its length and a trail of red and gold sparks shimmered in the air

near its tip.

Harry's hand slipped from it and, drawing a ragged breath he died. My life was never the same after that. Everything I had been was gone, replaced by a new and better person. That whole night became the turning point in my life and I swore to renounce all evil in memory of him and to do all I could to help defeat this new dark wizard.

Harry's wand now sat on the mantelpiece of my fireplace. I had not dared to touch it since that night. I was afraid to find out what would happen if I touched a wand of the Light. I had once been of the Dark and I still harbored the Dark's fear of the Light. I had tried to shake it but it was still a part of me and I wondered if Harry had chosen the right person to pass his wand to. I also hadn't touched it because the memories it called forth were just too painful for me to deal with. I could still see Harry using it and the shower of red and gold sparks that always shot from it whenever magic was performed with it. I turned my back on it and went instead to my desk for quill and parchment. Everyone would wonder where I was and why I wasn't attending the memorial so I resolved to write a letter and send it by owl in time for the ceremony. I had just sat down to write when I noticed a letter on the desk. I had not received an owl in some weeks and so I knew it couldn't have come by the owl post and as there wasn't any Muggle postage on it either it couldn't have come that way. I studied the letter, which was addressed in scarlet ink that shimmered in the setting sun that was pouring through the window behind me. The handwriting was unfamiliar to me. I wasn't sure whether I should be worried about that fact or not. With some trepidation and a little excitement I put aside my parchment and opened the letter instead wondering who would be writing to me and more importantly why.

The letter itself was also written in scarlet ink and I looked at the bottom of it for a signature, which would tell me who sent it. There was no signature just a symbol: a rampant golden lion surmounted by a falcon that shimmered in the sunlight looking almost alive. This both surprised and worried me but I went back to the beginning of the letter and began to read.

Dear Mr. Draco Malfoy,

We request the honor of your presence at the one year anniversary of the "Battle of Hogwarts" Please see the enclosed list for the activities planned. This is meant to be a time of fellowship, reflection and celebration with your fellow classmates and to be a chance to renew old vows once made. Several of the alumni have requested the Hogwarts Express. The train will be leaving from Platform nine and three quarters at King's Cross Station on June 10 at 11:00am. The ticket is enclosed and no RSVP is required. We should be honored by your company.

I stared at the letter in disbelief for a while, then read it over again. Within myself I felt something calling me, prompting me to accept the invitation. I was surprised by this and wondered at the strength of the urge to attend the very memorial service that I had sworn not to attend just moments before. Was I even ready to see my classmates again or to even see Hogwarts both of which I felt sure still carried battle scars. So much had happened in our last year and so many things had changed. Memories rose in my mind like a wave and

the shimmering words of the letter blurred as I remembered the very last time we had been together at the funeralâ€¦Grief overwhelmed me for a moment.

"It's too soonâ€¦ too soon." I muttered, closing my eyes on the wave of grief that was passing over me, wishing with all my heart that I could forget all I had lost and go back to the time before this had all happened.

The little voice that was prompting me to go urged harder. It sounded a little like Harry's voice.

"If you don't go," it said_, "then your heart and soul will never heal completely"_

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"I can'tâ€¦ I'm not ready!" I shouted to the silent and empty room.

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"You must and you are ready even if you think you are not."

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Finally, I gave in to the voice because I knew what my inner voice was saying was true. I was trying to hide from my grief rather than facing it head on. I had to return to Hogwarts and see the others so that I could release the grief I still clung to and move on with my life. I did not stop to question the strength of the prompting but instead made plans to attend the ceremony. I packed everything I owned into my old school trunk and picked up Harry's wand, without understanding why, leaving my own behind. That little voice was telling me to take it because it was important. I paused briefly at the door to my house wondering if Ron and Hermione would bring Gryffindor's sword and the invisibility cloak with them. I felt something stirring; something evil was on the wind. I'm not sure why I felt that way but I did. Wrapping my cloak around me, I left my house without a backward glance.

##

Three days later I found myself standing at the entrance between platforms 9 and 10 with my heart hammering in my chest so loudly I felt everyone could hear it. I wondered who I would meet first on the other side of the barrier. Suddenly I felt like I had when I was child on my way to Hogwarts for the first time. I had been terrified underneath all the bravado I had displayed to others. Just like back then, I was now scared about what I would find at Hogwarts, of how they would treat the new me, and what my own reaction to seeing both Hogwarts and my classmates again. I especially wondered what my reaction would be to seeing Harry's best friends, Ron and Hermione. I took a deep, calming breath trying to still the fear in my heart. I could still feel the evil drawing ever near with each passing hour and I wondered how long we had before it would rise up and strike at us all. I passed through the barrier between the platforms wondering where this new path was leading me and whether I would survive the encounter with whatever new evil lurked in the wizard world.

A/N: None of these characters belong to me, they belong to Ms. Rowling. I only own this plot line and the character Seth-Ra. Hope you enjoyed it. Please feel free to review and all flames will be thrown out the second story window. Part Two, which is called "From King's Cross to Hogwarts", will be coming soon, I hope. I'm writing as fast as I can. For those who want to know, Harry will not be performing the spell Seth-Ra did to take over someone else's body for himself. The spell Seth-Ra used is a Dark Arts spell and Harry would not be willing to use it.

3. Default Chapter Title

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> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

# In His Memory

## Part Two: From King's Cross to Hogwarts

### By: WeasleyTwin2

### There's a grief that can't be spoken

### There's a pain goes on and on

Empty chairs at empty tables

Now my friends are dead and gone.

Here they talked of revolution

Here it was they lit the flame

Here they sang about tomorrow

And tomorrow never came.

From _Les Miserables_

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### And now you're looking back at me

Searching for a way that we can be

Like we were before.

_Endless Summer Nights_

Richard Marx
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Fred and George Weasley stood together at the gate which marked the entrance to Platform Nine and Three Quarters and they were the first people I saw when I crossed between the Muggle and magical worlds. If they were surprised to see me they didn't show it. They merely clapped me hard on the back, like we were old friends, and helped me with my now extremely heavy trunk. A year had made a great deal of difference in their health. They looked much better then when I had last seen them, which was in the hospital just after their rescue from the collapsed tunnel to Hogsmead. Their bodies had completely

healed and judging from the mischievous glint in their eyes and the humorous grins playing about their mouths so had their spirits. They told animated jokes as they helped me to the train and I couldn't help grinning myself at their antics. Soon I was joining in and laughing with them. I have to admit that laughter felt good. I hadn't laughed much in my life and had had no reason to in the last year. I knew what the twins were doing of course; they were trying to calm my nerves and they had managed to do just that through their joking. Soon the hammering in my heart subsided and I began to relax, somewhat.

I followed them onto the train and they led me to the very last car, the car that had during our school years been traditionally dubbed the "Harry Potter" car because it was the car where Harry and his friends had nearly always sat. I was somewhat shocked by this but the twins merely opened the compartment door with a flourish. They bowed at me and then they left me standing on the threshold alone as they headed for a different compartment. Squaring my shoulders and with a heart full of apprehension, I entered the compartment not knowing what to expect. Ron and Hermione were sitting by the window looking out as if expecting someone to be there, waiting for them on the platform. I cleared my throat and their heads whipped around to face me. For a moment our eyes locked and I saw the look of surprise reflected in them. Clearly they hadn't expected to see me.

"Is anyone sitting there?" I asked a bit lamely, not really knowing what else to say to them.

Ron and Hermione exchanged a glance before motioning that I could join them. I sat down and peered out the window too, feeling very uncomfortable. There were many people milling about on the platform before they boarded the train. They were waving and hugging each other. Our class, which I remember as being full of noise and laughter while we were in school, was now a silent and subdued group still grieving for our losses. I kept looking for faces that I knew were not going to be there and I'm sure that the others were too. We were all looking for Harry who we knew we would never see again in this life. Tears were beginning to make my eyes sting but I told them firmly to go away and to leave me be. The platform before me stopped blurring and became as clear as crystal. For a moment I thought I saw two people who I knew were dead. I leaned forward, with my nose almost pressed to the glass, trying to take a closer look at them but as I did so they disappeared from my sight.

"It's not possibleâ€¦" I thought to myself, not daring to say anything out loud for fear of what my companions would think.

All too soon the train's final boarding whistle sounded and the Hogwarts Express departed from the station, leaving a trail of smoke to mark its passage. I watched as the platform slide backwards and then out of sight. I turned from the window to see Ron silently surveying me. When he noticed that I was looking at him, he dropped his gaze and looked instead at the scenery passing outside the window. Hermione, who was usually so talkative, sat silently staring at her hands that were clasped tight in her lap. I wondered what they were both thinking. A year had not changed them much; they still looked as they had when we left school, except that their wounds had healed. I touched the jagged and puckered scar that ran parallel to the eyebrow above my right eye, a gift of Voldemort's second in that final and fatal wizards duel. Sometimes it still hurt and in fact it

was beginning to hurt now. I rubbed it until the pain subsided, remembering how Harry's scar had always seemed to warn him of evil. I wondered if my scar was trying to warn me of some danger, some nearby evil. I looked out the window again but saw nothing unusual in the trees that flew past, nothing even remotely evil.

I felt someone's eyes boring into me again and, taking my eyes off the passing forest, I saw that both Ron and Hermione were staring at me this time with eyes that were full of sorrow and some other emotion I couldn't name. Seeing the grief in their eyes, which reflected the grief within my own heart, I could hold my emotions inside no longer. Two tears ran down my cheeks and then all the sorrow and grief I had held onto for the last year was released at last. Ron and Hermione were crying too and we held onto each other as we had nearly a year previous at Harry's bedside. After several minutes our sobs subsided and my heart began to feel lighter than it had in awhile.

Ron looked at me curiously for several minutes and I wondered what he was thinking. Finally he seemed to make up his mind about something and he stretched out his hand, which I took and clasped for a moment. Hermione placed her hand over both of ours' and for just a moment I felt power surge between us. It surprised me and judging by their shocked faces it surprised Ron and Hermione too.

"So it's really true then?" Ron asked me in surprise. "You've really denounced the Dark Arts and all? I heard reports but nothing that I could verify."

I looked straight into his eyes and replied, "Yes, everything you've heard is true. I have renounced all evil. I am no longer willing to pay the price they have asked of me in the past."

Ron and Hermione both nodded solemnly, then Ron continued, "I heard you sold your house and everything and gave all the money away."

"I did. All those people were in need and how could I not help them. Harry would have." I said simply, though I didn't say what I was really thinking, which was "_Harry would have but because of me he was unable to."_

"Where have you been? We thoughtâ€¦ I mean nobody knew where you had gone or what had happened to you?" Hermione said, concern evident in her voice.

"I needed to get away for awhile. I had to be alone to think about things. So I bought a small house in a secluded area. I really wanted time alone, away from the reporters and all that."

"You could have told us where you were going. We wouldn't have told anyone. What ifâ€¦" she said severely and I was strongly reminded of Professor McGonagall.

I grinned sheepishly at her and shrugged while Ron attempted to stifle his laughter.

"What?" she said rounding on Ron, who looked at me. I smirked one of my old "evil" smirks and Ron burst out laughing.

"Honestly you two are as bad as Frâ€¦" she began, and then she also

started to laugh at something outside the window.

I turned to look and saw Ron's twin brothers staring back at me. They were hanging upside down in midair making faces at us through the window. Somehow they must have climbed out onto the top of the last car and found somewhere to hook their legs so that they could perform this feat. Just how they managed it, I'll never know but we all laughed for several minuets at the faces that Fred and George made and then we opened the window to let them in before someone caught them. They said it was the pinnacle of their mischief making careers and laughed. It was good to see them up to their old tricks again so soon after the battle that had claimed so many lives. We talked all the way to Hogwarts, trying to get reacquainted with one another and telling each other what we had been doing since we had last meet. Finally my fears were put to rest. I had not been friends with Ron and Hermione or with Fred and George at school but as we talked and I got to know them I realized that I could and did like them. We had a lot more in common then I would have ever thought possible. My parents would have berated me for my actions but I no longer cared what they would have thought. I was not the person I had been in the past and would never be him again. That Draco Malfoy was dead. He died at the "Battle of Hogwarts" and I had become someone else. The Draco Malfoy I was now had been forged in battle and I would never look back. I felt that I could trust Ron and Hermione with my very life if necessary and I could see that there was some kind of magical connection between us that had not been there before the battle a year ago. I wondered if they felt it too? If we were to defeat the ancient evil that Harry had mentioned to me then we had to trust each other so completely that nothing could ever divide us. Not words or deeds of the past nor anything yet unsaid or undone.

At long last the train arrived at Hogsmead Station and we all took carriages up to the school. I was pleasantly surprised to see that the repairs made to the school had been done so skillfully that you couldn't tell that a good two thirds of the building had been destroyed in the previous year's battle. The many turreted castle towered high above us as we made our slow way up the winding pathway that lead to the front entrance. The wrought iron gate that marked the entrance to the grounds was the same as it had always been. The grounds had been re-landscaped in such a way that if you didn't know, you couldn't tell there had been a major, magical battle fought here. My heart began to rest even easier when I saw these changes. There seem to be very little that would remind me of the battle we had all fought. At least I hoped there would be very few reminders as I closed my eyes and listened to the birds singing in the distance and the quiet talking of my new found friends, just relaxing for the first time in ages.

All to soon my time of quiet meditation was interrupted by the carriage's sudden halt. I opened my eyes to find we were now at the front entrance of Hogwarts, the entrance we three had helped to guard a year previous. It looked exactly as it had at that time; the marble was still cracked and scorched as if by lightning. It was left that way, I was later told, to remind everyone who passed through the entrance of the lives that were given and that Hogwarts had taken the best Voldemort could throw her way and survived. Suddenly memories came flooding back to me in a torrent and tears stung my eyes.

"This is going to be a lot harder then I thought."

I looked up at the shimmering walls of the castle, trying to block out the memories but they come unbidden to the surface. We stood together at the entrance, a swarm of dark creatures all around us, Harry cut his way to our side until we fought side by side, Harry and I charging the enemy ranks wand and sword upraised, the feelings of victory as we drove the dark creatures back and back again, the last battle with Voldemort where Harry was fatally wounded, and his last word to me "Promiseâ€|" before he closed his eyes forever. I sat in the carriage, unable to move or even breath, the force of the memories was too powerful. I found myself reliving the entire battle in a matter of seconds and I discovered that I was seeing, feeling and hearing everything that had happened during that battle. It was almost as if someone had cast a time travel spell on me, it was that real. Tears ran down my face, blurring everything around me into an indistinct gray mass. After the vision-for it was more than a memory-had passed I looked up to see Ron and Hermione's tearstained and shocked faces looking back at me. Obviously they had seen the same vision I had but I wondered if they had heard the voice, Harry's voice calling to me. Had it called to them too, I wondered. Ron's eyes looked into mine and held them for a moment and then I knew they had heard that same voice too.

"There was a voice in my vision," he said with disbelief evident in his voice.

Hermione looked up then and nodded and I did too, showing that I too had heard that voice.

"It was Harry's voice,â€|" said Hermoine, quietly as tears sprang into her eyes again to run down her face. I reached out my hand to her, which she squeezed briefly, trying to still her sobbing and managing to smile through them.

I nodded at Ron a second time showing my acceptance of what Hermione had said.

"He said 'Remember what was given here. Remember the cost of freedom is often high and that you may one day be asked to pay it'" I said, a shiver running through me and a feeling of dread in my heart.

The three of us stared at one another silently and as we left the carriages and climbed the cracked steps to the Entrance Hall, a feeling of deep foreboding in my heart. There was something evil lurking nearby, I could feel it resound in my soul. There was Dark Magic at work here, somewhere quite close and it radiated power that I could feel, and that power was greater than Voldemort's ever was. I began to shiver before I had walked three steps inside Hogwarts. I looked back over my shoulder but saw nothing sinister lurking anywhere near. Still, he was here somewhere, watching and waiting for a moment to strike. It was the new dark wizard Harry had warned me of on his deathbed. He had been freed at last and his powers were slowly growing. The Dark power I now felt had a distinctly foreign feel to it but it was still recognizable to me who had a great deal of experience in the Dark Arts. Soon he would strike, I could feel it in my heart and as I entered the school, I prayed we would be given enough time to prepare for the attack.

"Please, just grant us enough time."

A/N: I had this all ready to send when I noticed I forgot to put this at the beginning. Oh well,

You already know who owns most of these characters. I can only claim the plot and the newly risen Dark Wizard Seth-Ra, who will finally make an appearance in Part Three. Part Three will be called "Memoria and Warnings" Look for it to appear soon, that is if I don't have computer troubles again! Growl

WeasleyTwin2

4. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Three: Memoria and Warnings

By: WeasleyTwin2

Now we are not afraid

Although we know there's much to fear

We were moving mountains

Long before we knew we could.

****When You Believe****

From: ****Prince of Egypt****

**** ****

**** ****

Lovers of life, whose life could give

Sleep softly where ye lie!

Ours be the vigil! Help us to live,

Who teach us how to die.

****A Requiem****

Harriet Monroe

He soars with falcons on the wing

He is the song that night birds sing

Death never dared him captive keep

He lies not there, he does not sleep

****Herald's Lament****

** ** Mercedes Lackey

The day of the memorial service dawned bright and clear. Birds were singing outside my window as if to deny the solemnity of the day and of the ceremony that would be starting in a few hours time. I sat bolt upright, sweat pouring down my face and my heart thudding loudly in my chest. For a brief moment I looked around wildly, forgetting where I was. Then, after a moment's confusion, I remembered and my heartbeats slowed somewhat but the fear that had awakened me refused to subside. It was that dream again, the dream I'd had every night since my return to Hogwarts. It was a very vivid nightmare that was more on the order of a vision. I was standing on the burning sands of an Egyptian desert. The sun beat down on me, making sweat run down my back to soak my robes. Before me was a silver and ruby encrusted door covered in Egyptian hieroglyphics of magical warding. I picked out three names written inside cartouches that normally denoted royalty, yet these seemed to be denoting powerful gods instead. The first name was Osiris, the second Horus and the third Seth Beloved of Ra. This last made me shiver but I spoke the words that opened the door to the tomb and saw a towering dark figure with glowing eyes reaching out toward me with a withered hand. I shouted and began to back away but the figure continued to move toward me. I tried to run but the creature's eyes held me in its spell. Then there was terrible, burning pain then nothing and I woke. I had no idea what the dream meant but I knew it must be important because it had repeated itself three times already. I had never been one to have visions before, at least not true ones, and I wondered whether this new power of mine had anything to do with my having turned my back on the Dark Arts. I decided to ask Professor Trelawny after the ceremony. I ran my hand over my face, wiping away the sweat. The scar over my right eye seemed to burn as I did so. I rubbed it, irritated by its sudden sharp, stabbing pain. Finally the pain subsided again. I lay back down and tried to sleep but sleep wouldn't come. Memories of the past several days kept flooding back to me.

The night of our arrival there was a feast at which those who had fallen were honored and those of us left behind received our diplomas. Then several students received awards for services to the school rendered during the "Battle of Hogwarts". Harry received a special commendation and Ron, Hermione and I took the award as his representatives. It was one of the most difficult things I had ever done because the grief in the room tripled whenever Harry's name was mentioned and my own grief was still so raw. There was not a dry eye in the entire Great Hall as we carried Harry's award to the table. The entire class sat at one table, members of each house mingling freely with each other. What might have, at first, seemed strange had become natural to us. There were so few of us left and I was surprised to see, at last, how many had fallen. Adding the figure in my head, I discovered that about half of our class had perished in last year's battle. Ron, Hermione and I caused quite a stir because we were the only surviving seventh years of our respective houses: Gryffindor and Slytherin. It was distinctly odd for me to have all this genuine attention paid to me for I didn't believe it was due me. I had done nothing that anyone else could have done better.

"Someone else might have been able to protect Harry better," I thought bitterly, bowing my head as tears fell from my eyes.

"Don't berate yourself. You can't know whether he would have been saved or not," said the voice in my head.

After the feast was over and we began to wander the school's halls remember out last year here, everyone had gathered around me wherever I went trying to comfort my obvious sorrow or to give me advice. It was funny really. Several of them didn't know that I no longer had the heart of a Slytherin and as for the restâ€ they were still grieving for lost classmates and friends even as I was. Everyone was looking at the three of us as if we were some kind of heroes, as people that would be the ones to lay all their fears to rest and who would be there to defend them in time of gravest need. What they didn't know was that we couldn't even ease our own fear and sorrow. I often wondered that night just what everyone expected of us and why. I suppose it was because we were still connected to Harry, tied to his memory anyway. Somehow our classmates had begun to equate us with him. It felt strange that they would equate me with Harry; after all we had spent almost our entire school life loathing one another. Yet, for some reason they did and everywhere I went for the next two days they followed me, asking my opinion on several matters that I'd been totally unaware of until my return to the wizarding world. I must have been an oddity to them: a member of Slytherin's House that had left the Dark Arts behind. It still felt very strange to me too but I had come to realize that I belonged to the Light in a way I had never belonged to the Dark. On some deep level I felt I had more in common with Harry and the others than I had ever had with my own parents or those who had been of my school house.

What was worse than the hoards of people that constantly followed me though were the memories that constantly assailed me at odd times and the nightmares I kept having which were full of pain and fire. For example, I would see something like a flower or I would hear a phrase or piece of music and suddenly I was no longer in the present. I was transported backward or forward in time to another place. During these times I was unable to communicate or to even move for several minutes. These visions-for that's what I began to call them-were so real. I became an observer to many events that had happened in the past or might happen in the yet unknown future. It was a strange feeling, being there and yet not there at all. I had no idea what even half of the "memories" meant. I also had no idea who was sending them or even how to stop them. This was another thing I planned to ask Professor Trelawny about after the ceremony.

My nightmares were another matter all together. Because of them I was unable to get a full night's sleep, which was something I so desperately needed. In their instance though, at least I knew the source. They were sendings from the spirit of Harry Potter. He was sending them as a warning of the coming tide of darkness that would soon spread across the land, casting everything in shadow. This was what he had told me in a dream. The Greatest Evil was now loosed on the world and it would come seeking the heir. He will come cloaked in the aspect of a friend. I wondered who this "friend" might be? Which of those who had returned to Hogwarts for the ceremony would it turn out to be? The feeling of fear was growing within me and the evil was still growing in power and drawing ever nearer with each day that passed. I could feel him, this unknown yet much feared assailant. That foreign Dark Magic was still present and it called to me for the same darkness had once ruled my soul. I began to wonder if I would be able to remain true to my vow to renounce all things of the Dark. I was still too new in the Light and my powers were not what they had been because of that.

"No! I must have no doubt in my heart. Doubt is a weakness we can ill afford. I shall remain true to the Light and to my vow. The power I have willâ€|no must be enough."

Finally, I got up, abandoning sleep altogether, and got dressed. I made my way to the Great Hall slowly and quietly not wanting to disturb the others who might still be sleeping. My unanswered questions occupied all of my thoughts as I made my way down to the front doors. Unlocking them and opening the doors I stood on the cracked steps beyond them, watching the sunrise. A shaft of pale, newborn sunlight hit the stone that marked Harry's grave. It shone a faint red for a moment and the silver letters on it glittered. Following some inner prompting, I walked across the grounds toward it as if by some unheard command. Soon I had reached the rise next to the lake where Harry lay buried. I hadn't yet visited the grave. The last time I had been here it was nothing but a raised mound of earth covered with flowers. We three (Ron, Hermione and I) had spoken the spell required to seal the grave and to protect the body within it for all time.

The stone marker was rose colored and all the engraving upon it was inlaid with silver, which shimmered in the early morning light. It was a beautiful thing to behold but it was also touched with sorrow because it marked the spot where lay one who had given all for the cause. As I looked at it I wondered whether I would have been able to do the same. I also wondered if I would be able to do so if the time ever came in my life that I was asked to give it so that others would survive.

The marker stood before me and I read these words:

In Memory of a Hero

Harry Potter

Born: July 31 1980 Died June 15 1997

Battle of Hogwarts Hero

The Boy Who Lives on in memory

He who gave all he had to give

So we in peace could live

Remember him for who he was

Not for the deeds that he has done

Erected in his memory by:

The students and teachers of

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardary

These words were surmounted by the lion of Gryffindor and the Heraldic arms of the Potters: A rampant lion surmounted by a falcon. I stared at this symbol remembering the letter written in scarlet ink that I had been sent. It had carried a mysterious symbol that exactly matched the arms of the Potters. Harry, it now appeared to me, had

sent me the letter but I still wasn't sure why.

I placed my hand on the stone and closed my eyes, as two tears trickled down my face. Then I quietly renewed the vow I had once made over this very grave.

"I promise to fight the rising tide of darkness and to guard the weapons of Gryffindor until my dying day. I will surrender them to know one but my chosen heir."

The feeling of overwhelming grief lessened and for a moment I thought I felt Harry standing next to me. It was the oddest sensation, a presence filled with the light of good magic so much stronger than my own and yet a part of my own weak power. When I opened my eyes there was no one there and shaking my head, I returned to the school and the breakfast that awaited me there

I watched everyone around me with a critical eye at breakfast, trying to determine if anyone was acting out of character. I felt guilty doing it but I couldn't help myself. I needed to find this friend who would betray us all. I saw nothing unusual and, in fact, the only person in the entire room that seemed out of character was me. I knew that when things began to go wrong, everyone would point at me first of all because of my former association with the Dark Arts. Perhaps they were even now watching me for signs that I was merely faking my allegiance to the Light. Everyone here knew of Harry's deathbed vision and the message he had imparted to the three of us moments before his death. I wondered whether my newfound friends would remain true to me once this new dark wizard made his move against us. We needed to stand together in this coming battle for if we stood separately we would surely fall and the world would be plunged into eternal darkness.

At midday, we gathered at a point midway between the Wall of Honor and Harry's grave for the Ceremony of Remembrance. Professor McGonagall spoke about those who had been lost in the battle, said a prayer for their spirits and then recited the long list of the fallen as a wizard's salute (a jet of silver and gold sparks) was given for each name. A classmate sang a song she had composed in memory of all who had given their lives that peace could be restored. Harry's name was mentioned within the list of the fallen because he had not wished to be singled out. "I am not a hero" was a phrase he often said and yet he was a one to so many. My thoughts were with him wherever he was now and I truly believe that everyone's thoughts were bent toward his memory at that moment. The air around me began to shimmer and for a moment I thought I saw Harry standing in front of me. He looked much the same as he had when he was alive. He beckoned to me and pointed at the stone that marked his grave. I nodded once but didn't move from my place in line. He nodded as well and slowly faded from my sight.

We were all bowing our heads in a moment of silence when the feeling of evil within my heart became overwhelming. My head whipped around to face the school just as a terrified and piercing scream rent the air. As one Ron, Hermione and I ran back toward the school, everyone else following in our wake. Somehow I knew where to go and soon we found ourselves at the foot of the tallest astronomy tower. Looking up, we could see somebody engaged in some kind of struggle atop the tower. Suddenly, sunlight glinted off the bangle-covered arms of the defender and I realized it was Professor Trelawny.

"What's she doing?" Ron said.

Professor McGonagall called up to her, "Sybil, stop this nonsense at once!"

But Professor Trelawny continued to struggle with some invisible assailant; at least they were not visible to those of us standing on the ground. Professor McGonagall sent someone inside with instructions to find out what was going on. Professor Trelawny screamed again, the scream echoing in the still air.

"No! Iâ€¦ willâ€¦ tellâ€¦ themâ€¦ Warn them...!" she shouted then as she was almost pushed from the top of the tower.

All we could do was watch, helpless to do anything. Something had us all under its spell, preventing us from making a sound or moving.

"The Evil Serpent comes. Seth-Raâ€¦ risesâ€¦" she called out as her left foot hit the nothingness of space. She struggled for a moment to maintain balance, her arms wind milling in the air.

"Bewareâ€¦ the Greatestâ€¦ Evilâ€¦ Bewareâ€¦ the red-hairedâ€¦ manâ€¦ Bewareâ€¦ the one whoâ€¦ saysâ€¦ he isâ€¦ Ahhhhhh!"

A strangled scream rent the air as Professor Trelawny lost her balance completely. She hung, suspended in midair for a moment, silently screaming then she plummeted to the ground before anyone could set a spell to stop her decent. A cry of shocked dismay went up from the crowd and Professor McGonagall went to the base of the tower to examine the body. Her tearstained face turned toward us after a few moments and she motioned for the three of us to join her. We, too, looked at the body, fear growing in our hearts. Professor Trelawny had died with a look of abject terror on her face. Her body was surrounded with a glowing green light and there was a glyph on her body: a coiled serpent with a raised head surmounted by an unfamiliar bird crowned by the sun.

As we stood trying to puzzle out it's meaning, a wave of darkness, despair and utter evil washed over the assembled crowd and a deep resounding laughter filled the air around us. Someone screamed a horrible soul-wrenching cry and I rushed forward so that I could see what everyone else saw. I looked up at the tower and saw a huge, poisonous green snake, larger than anything I had ever seen before atop the tower Professor Trelawny had been pushed from. It was towering above us with its glowing eyes glaring malevolently down at us all, then it's eyes narrowed. It's eyes looked right into my own with a stare that held me transfixed. It was as if the serpent was staring right through me, into my very soul and it didn't like what it saw there either. I shivered as a burning pain hit me, knocking me to my knees.

"Traitor!" a silky, hissing voice sounded in my mind. "You would join with these weaklings and fools against me? They cannot stand against me! I have more power at half strength than they will ever have. Join me and all your powers will be restored to you. You were once great in the Art. Come with me now or learn what will befall all who oppose the will of a god!"

I trembled before him, his voice holding my soul bound. My spirit began to falter and my memory to dim. Then I heard Harry's voice resounding in my mind. "Promise me that you will fight this new evil in my place. Promiseâ€|" and suddenly my spirit became stronger and the world around me came back into focus. I looked up at Seth-Ra, for that was who it was, and I called out one word defiantly with both mind and voice.

"NEVER!"

"Torments unending await you then, traitor! This shall be the fate of all who oppose me!"

Another wave of pain, worse then anything I had ever felt before, hit me and the bright day darkened to night around me for a moment. I tried to rise but found that I was rooted to the spot with the serpent that was Seth-Ra glaring at me, his eyes glowing brighter with each wave of pain that hit me. I saw movement out of the corner of my eyes. Ron and Hermione had stepped in front of me, blocking the image of Seth-Ra from my sight if not from my mind. He still held me pinned in place and at his mercy. My soul felt as if it was on fire and I began to feel extremely lightheaded. I heard the terrified screams of my classmates and thought I heard a challenge given. The present and the past seemed to merge in my mind. Was this the battle of a year ago or was it the present. My thoughts strayed and the action before me began to weave in and out. I saw people before me that I knew were dead and yet they were standing before me in a ring of bright light as if I called up a Patronus spell. In the glow of this light I thought I saw Harry once more. He was standing with his wand upraised and the sword of Gryffindor in his other hand both of them pointed at Seth-Ra's heart. I knew this couldn't be right though, Harry was dead and the wand and sword were still inside the school.

"You cannot have him! You have no power here! Go! Now! I, Harry Potter, the Heir of Osirius called Gryffindor command it! Leave!"

I felt myself slump back, heard the awful scream of a soul in agony and then darkness rose to claim me.

A/N: I only own Seth-Ra. All the other characters belong to J.K. Rowling. Part Four will be entitled "Searching for Answers". I'm not sure when I'll have it up so be patient. Please take the time to review. Thanks.

WeasleyTwin2

5. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Four: Searching for Answers

By: WeasleyTwin2

Though hope is frail

It's hard to kill

****When You Believe****

From the Soundtrack to ****Prince of Egypt****

**** ****

We can face whatever comes

If we face it now as one

****In Whatever Time We Have****

From the Musical ****Children of Eden****

**** ****

"Is he going to be alright?"

"I'm not sure. It's really too early to tell."

"What happened?"

"I don't know that either? It's so strange."

"His not?"

"No. He is alive, but just barely."

"He's the lucky one. If it hadn't been for"

"I realize that, but he's still in grave danger."

I heard muffled voices all around me. They faded in and out like a badly tuned radio. I tried to focus on the voices but they soon faded completely, leaving me alone in the silent darkness that surrounded me. My body and my very soul hurt with the most horrible pain I had ever felt in my life. I felt as if a bludge had hit me both inside and out. Awareness of the things around me began to fade away.

*

Suddenly the whispering voices invaded my silent world again, bringing light in with them. I felt someone put a cold cloth to my head. It was then that I realized that my body seemed to be made of fire and my very soul seemed to burn. I moaned and moved on the bed, trying to get away from the burning pain. I heard someone shout for help and soon they had me calmed down again.

"It's alright," I heard someone say. "You'll be alright. Just calm down and let us take care of you."

I relaxed, knowing at last I was somewhere safe and not trapped in that dreadful place surrounded by fire burning through me, pain flowing through me. Soon the voices faded away again and I slept quietly again.

*

There was complete silence. My body still burned with fever and my soul seemed to be on fire. I moaned again, softly and moved a little. Then I opened my eyes and saw the concerned face of Madame Pomfrey, the school nurse, looking down at me. I tried to ask her what had happened and what was wrong with me but my voice refused to work.

"Awake at long last. Welcome back to the land of the living Mr. Malfoy. How are we feeling? Better?"

I tried to answer with my voice, found that I couldn't so I just answered with a nod. She beamed down at me for a moment. I watched her as she tended me and then she left without another word seeming to realize that I couldn't yet speak. When she returned, she brought three visitors with her then she left after telling them not to stay too long. Ron and Hermione sat down one on either side of me, a look of profound sorrow etched on their faces. The third person was Harry or rather it was his ghost. He had toned down the light that was around him and looked almost as if he were alive again except that I could see the wall behind him. He looked down at me from where he stood floating at the foot of my bed. His eyes were very grave and sorrowful and they held mine for several minutes. I tried to speak again but failed. A wave of pain passed through me causing the room to blur around me.

"What's wrong?" I managed to croak after several attempts.

Hermione burst into tears and Ron mumbled something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I mumbled, wanting desperately to know the answer yet fearing it at the same time.

"Seth-Ra took your soul from your body and sent it away to a place of unending torment," said Harry's voice though he hadn't moved his mouth to speak.

"Ron and Hermione distracted him in the physical world while I journeyed into that realm of dark despair to retrieve your soul. You very nearly died and your body would have if I hadn't put a part of myself in you," he continued quietly.

I nodded, not really understanding what he was saying to me.

"A part of himself?"

"You have been out nearly two months," said Ron with a worried frown.

"We thought you had died. You spent three straight days and night screaming as if your very soul was in agony and you moaned and cried for weeks after that. Then you went completely still and silent. We all thought you had died," Hermione said, her eyes wide

.

"Until two days ago when Harry returned with your soul that is." Ron said, looking at Harry's ghost.

I remembered nothing of all this and I was glad that I didn't. The three of them looked awful and even Harry looked mortally tired though he wasn't alive.

"It's from holding the spell on you that will keep you body and soul together," said Harry, with a small grin as if he had read my mind.

I nodded and then a hiss of pain escaped me as a wave of intense pain washed over me. The others looked on unable to help me, though I saw them reach out to me. Finally, the pain subsided into a dull ache once more.

"It will take a few weeks for the pain to subside," said Harry, still looking grave.

Ron and Hermione looked pale and sorrowful.

"Whatâ€¦ aren'tâ€¦ youâ€¦ tellingâ€¦ me? I asked weakly, every word a struggle for my broken voice.

Tears ran down Hermione's cheeks and Ron let out a shuddering breath but neither of them spoke. Neither one of them would look at me either so I turned to Harry, who bowed his head and then said in a voice heavy with sorrow:

"You were the lucky one. You survived the attack because we all shielded you. The othersâ€¦"

"Howâ€¦ manyâ€¦?" I was afraid to hear the answer and yet I needed to know.

"You, Ron, Hermione, Professor McGonagall and a few others were the only ones to survive the attack and Seth-Ra is not even at full strength yet." Harry paused to look southward a moment and sighed heavily.

The room around me spun out of control and a cry issued from my throat. This was almost too much for me to deal with. I couldn't believe it; almost all of the people I had talked to before the Ceremony were now dead. Tears streamed down my face and my body shook with the force of my sobs.

"No they are worse than dead," said Harry with a shudder. "Their souls have been sent to the Place of Despair without having died a "natural" death. They are being held there, imprisoned by Seth-Ra who is draining them of their powers to add to his own. His own powers are being augmented by these stolen powers."

I paled as understanding dawned. Seth-Ra was some kind of power stealer, a soul drainerâ€¦ There hadn't been one of those in thousands of years and the last one had almost destroyed the magical world in his quest for power before he was defeated. I shuddered at the thought.

"Exactly!" said Harry. "He is what the ancient legends call a "lich" and those same legends also speak of a cataclysmic battle which will decide the fate of the magic world. "Final Judgment Day" it is called."

There was something more he wanted to tell me, I could see it in his eyes. I wanted to know what but I was not able to ask. My eyes were beginning to feel heavy and I began to feel sleepy.

"Rest now." said Hermione.

I closed my eyes and began to drift off but, just as I had almost done so I heard, Harry say "Do you think he knowsâ€¦" in a quiet voice. I wasn't able to hear the replies, if there were any because I drifted into slumber but even as I slept I wondered what he was talking about.

For the next several weeks all I could concentrate on was healing. My body was still in shock and it felt strange to me almost as if I didn't belong in it anymore. It was in a constant state of pain that as, the weeks passed, subsided into dull aches throughout my body. I still felt odd and slightly disoriented from the attack and wondered if I would ever completely heal from it. Yet, somehow I had managed to survive the attack that had killed several others. In all about 30 more of our class had "died" when Seth-Ra cast his spell at us all. I still couldn't believe that more of us had died. It was incomprehensible. We had already sustained heavy losses last year. I had no clear understanding of why our class had been hit so hard by the hand of fate. Had tragedy chosen us as it had once chosen another Hogwarts class before us? The last class that was nearly wiped out in battles against evil was the class Harry's parents had been a part of. I could only think of two living members of the Hogwarts Class of 1976: Remus Lupin and Sirius Black. I was beginning to wonder who would be left of our class after this battle. It was hard for me to deal with all this especially in my current state of weakness. I tried to shove these thoughts from my mind but they came to the surface time and time again.

Instead I tried to turn my thoughts to Seth-Ra's spell. I lay in bed recovering and thinking about the spell that was used and about Seth-Ra. The spell he had used on us had seemed familiar to me, although from where I wasn't sure. I just knew I had seen a similar spell somewhere, perhaps had even read it. I could still feel him. He was nearby, biding his time. Seth-Ra was waiting forâ€¦ I didn't know what he was waiting for. It was sufficient to know that he waited. He was watching and growing in power with each sunrise. The time had come to seek out the answers to the questions that we all had. I resolved to search for these answers as soon as I was well enough to walk.

As the weeks passed I began to wonder exactly what had happened to me during the attack. What had Seth-Ra done to me? How had Harry managed to save me? What had he seen?

I tried to ask the others but they became silent whenever the subject came up or they would try to change the subject. The whole time it seemed as if Harry wanted to tell me but didn't know if I would believe what he said. I got the impression that there was something more going on than they were willing to talk about and because of this I decided not to ask unless it became important. They would tell me when they were ready and my asking would not make them tell me any sooner so I resolved not to ask.

About a month later I was ready to leave my bed and the Hospital Wing

for good. It felt good to be mobile and upright again. School was back in session by this time and Professor McGonagall had asked the three of us to stay on. She believed we were the only ones who stood a chance of defeating Seth-Ra's power. She truly believed that we were the ones spoken about in the fragments of the prophecy. I wasn't so sure but I kept my doubts to myself. Wherever the three of us went, we caused excitement. Whispers followed us down corridors, individual students who stopped us in the halls to talk gave words of praise to us, and applause broke out in the Great Hall at dinner. They all seemed anxious to show their apparition to us. I was flattered by it but couldn't understand why they did this.

There were very few opportunities for these events to happen though. We spent most of our time closeted with professors or else in the library trying to gather information on the ancient battle between Gryffindor and Seth-Ra. Harry was still with us but he spent most of the time being invisible. He didn't want to upset everyone by being seen around the school.

"It would be upsetting for everyone here if I were to be seen roaming the school. There are still too many grieving for me in particular," he said one day as we gathered in Ron's room.

I agreed with Harry. It was even a little disturbing to the three of us. Ghosts were a fact of life at Hogwarts, you couldn't attend the school without meeting several but they were all ancient ghosts of people long dead. Harry felt that though he too "haunted" Hogwarts he was really too recently dead to be seen. It could upset everyone; especially since he was now even more famous than he had been before.

"I would just remind everyone of what was giving and they would probably want me to give them magical solutions to their problems"

Privately, I agreed again but I said nothing. I was too busy with a long roll of parchment on which was written all the information we had found so far. Most of it was fragmentary at best and sheer speculation at worst. I had made it my job to write down all this information we found while Ron, Harry and Hermione did the actual searching because I was still too weak from the attack. I was also experiencing bouts of dizziness and disorientation but Harry promised this would soon pass. As I copied down some new information from a very tattered and brittle scroll Hermione had given me, I wondered about my body's continued weakness. Would it pass or was it a sign that there was something worse wrong with me? I remembered Harry asking if I knew anything or suspected anything when he thought I was asleep. I wondered what he was talking about. He had also told me that he had put a part of himself in me. There was something going on here that I didn't completely understand and wasn't even aware of and whatever it was it had to do with the attack and me. Did they suspect me of having had a hand in it? No, that didn't make sense. They had risked their lives and souls to protect and save me. Did others think I was on Seth-Ra's side? Possibly and yet that didn't feel right to me either. I wanted to ask Harry, needed to ask and yet I didn't. Everyone around me looked so tired that I was unsure about asking them. Even Harry was looking completely worn out which was unusual for a ghost. Harry was floating a few feet in the air, staring intently at an old leather bound book with a peeling spine. The eyes behind his glasses were squinting at the ancient writing and he was

wearing a frown. He obviously knew I was watching him because he suddenly looked up and grinned at me briefly. Then he returned to his reading and I returned to my copying wondering more then ever what was going on. I wondered whether all this work would be of any use against a dark wizard who had already killed so many and only at half strength and I wondered what secret the others were hiding. I also wondered if we would find the answers in time.

A/N: None of these characters are mine. They belong to J.K. Rowling. I only own the plot and the Dark Wizard Seth-Ra. Hope you enjoyed it. Please take time to review. Thanks. The fifth part will be called "Keeping Secrets" and will be coming soon.

~WeasleyTwin2~

6. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Five : Keeping Secrets

By: WeasleyTwin2

In this time of fear

When prayer so often proved in vain

Hope seemed like the summer birds

To swiftly flown away

** When You Believe**

From:** Prince of Egypt**

** **

Then Set took upon himself the form of a hissing serpent, and he entered into the earth in this district without being seen.

The Legend of Horus of Behutet

** **Translated from the Egyptian by E.A. Wallis Budge

Harry floated above the stone that marked his grave, deep in thought. He remembered the look in Draco's eyes when he had looked up at him. Those eyes were full of questions that Harry knew Malfoy would probably never ask. Harry knew that he wanted to know exactly what happened during the attack. As far as Harry knew, he remembered nothing of the battle in which his soul was almost lost for all time.

"He's the lucky one," he thought, as he shivered remembering the things he'd seen and experienced in the place of Despair.

Harry never wanted to return there again and he wasn't sure how he would answer the questions Malfoy was sure to ask. How much would he

believe? How much could his spirit take?

"How do you tell a powerful wizard that his power has been almost drained and that he came a lot closer to death than anyone's willing to tell him?"

A chill wind blew across the grounds and Harry shivered involuntarily. Seth-Ra's minions were on the move spreading his darkness on an unsuspecting world. Harry could feel them. Seth-Ra was quite nearby- biding his time. An evil and dark shadow seemed to hang in the air to the south, obscuring all sight. Harry looked southward and shivered again, for even as a spirit he was not safe from attack himself. He was glad that his parents were safe in heaven where Seth-Ra couldn't reach them. He looked at the clear blue sky, which was just turning pink with the rising of the sun and sent up a prayer for their continued safety.

"I just hope I can complete the power transfer before it's too late. If my powers are captured before I do then all hope is lost."

Harry turned his eyes southward again, trying to read the messages that were being carried on the wind. A cry— long and piercing, meet his ears. Then it became two cries, then three, then a dozen. They were the cries of souls in agony, crying for release from pain and suffering. He wished he could help them but there was nothing he could do. He bowed his head, listening to the voices calling to him, begging and pleading for mercy. He couldn't shut them out now that he had spent a brief time among them in the Place of Despair. They called to him out of the hopeless darkness that was that place. He heard them always, their voices echoing in his mind. He found he was crying. They were the spirits of people he had known and he could do nothing to help them. Nothing. Seth-Ra had brought this upon the world and if they couldn't stop him as he had been stopped thousands of years before— If they couldn't find a way to defeat him for all time—

"All the world be plunged into darkness forever with no hope of salvation. The light would be cast out for all time and darkness would reign for eternity."

Much closer at hand Harry heard another scream coming from the school. It was Draco. Harry bolted back toward Malfoy's room, knowing that Seth-Ra had come to finish the job he had started.

"I just hope Draco is still alive. For if he dies then all hope dies with him and the light would fail."

I woke up screaming. My body and soul burned with a pain so intense that tears were streaming down my face. I sat bolt upright and my back arched as wave after wave of pain washed over me. I let loose with another piercing scream unable to stand the pain that was running through my body. Ron and Hermione burst through the door while Harry came hurtling through the wall in response to my cries of pain. I fell back on my bed as soon as they entered sweat soaking my body. The pain had stopped as quickly as it had begun. I lay there, breathing heavily, for several minutes before I was able to do or say anything. I could hear the others chanting a protective spell over the room and me. Finally, I opened my eyes and found the three of them gazing at me with grave and serious expressions.

"Alright, what was that all about?" I asked as I attempted and failed to rise.

"Seth-Ra tried to steal into your mind. He was trying to take you over as you slept thinking you'd be weaker at that moment. You fought him off but at great cost to yourself."

Harry's voice sounded tired and Ron's face was very pale.

"I thought we'd all be safe here, at least for a time," muttered Ron darkly.

Hermione nodded, her eyes wide as saucers.

"So did I, but apparently I was mistaken. We will have to leave here and soon. We can't afford to endanger anyone else."

Harry faded in and out as he spoke as if he was unable to keep his form.

"We must return to Godric's Hollow. There is a ruined castle there, which is said to have been the ancestral home of Godric Gryffindor. My family dwelled there for generations and we can trace our roots back to Gryffindor himself. Perhaps we'll find out the full story there," he continued.

We all agreed with him for we had already exhausted all of the sources in the library and we had already spoken to nearly all the professors too. The only two people we hadn't talked to were Professor Lupin and Sirius Black. I sat back up in bed and wiped the sweat from my face. The three of them were watching me with concern.

"I'll be all right! Just give me a moment!" I said irritably.

I sat on the edge of my bed for a moment, hoping that I would be able to rise. I took several deep breaths and rose slowly to my feet. The room around me spun for a moment. I grew faint and though I would fall but then the spinning stopped.

"I'll be along in a moment," I said, hiding my weakness from the others. "I suggest we finish our research and talk to those we still need to talk to. We probably should head out by the end of the week if we can."

The other three nodded.

"Harry and I will talk to Prof. Lupin and you two should speak to Mr. Black."

Ron and Hermione agreed and left my room right away in search of Black. I, meanwhile, slumped into a nearby chair feeling suddenly drained and more tired than I had ever felt in my life.

"What is wrong with me? Why am I still so weak? I want the truth, Harry. You know what is wrong with me. Is it life threatening?"

I looked up at him and his sad eyes bore into my own. He sighed heavily and played with the tattered ends of his robes, a look of resignation on his face. I was sure I was touching on a subject that

Harry would rather not speak about but I needed to have answers. I had to know if I was strong enough to travel, swiftly if need be. I need to know if this weakness would hamper me ability to travel.

"You came very near death, so near in fact that everyone thought for a moment that you had died. Your soul has sustained heavy damage and is still in grave danger of being recaptured by Seth-Ra. You are in the greatest danger whenever and wherever Seth-Ra and his minions are. You were held by him once and he is not easy to completely escape from."

Harry shuddered as if in remembered pain. It was almost as if he remembered something I did not. I turned this bit of information over in my mind, trying to understand it. I decided not to ask anything more even though a hundred more questions sprang into my head to replace the three original ones. Details could wait for the time being though I wanted those too.

"Will I be able to travel swiftly if the need arises? Can I keep up on a long journey such, as this one will be? We can't afford to have hindrances if we are to defeat Seth-Ra."

"You are capable of traveling with speed. The weakness should pass as soon as you are far enough away from his influence," Harry replied.

I nodded and got dressed.

An hour later, Harry and I sat in Professor Lupin's office, although it was only me that he saw. Lupin looked tired, which didn't surprise me since there had been a full moon two nights passed. He stood, looking out across the grounds with his back to me.

"Seth-Ra?" he mumbled when I asked. "Seth-Ra?"

He shook his head, the sunlight streaming through the open window highlighting the gray in his hair. He turned away from the window and gave me a veiled look.

"Yes, Seth-Ra. The Greatest Evil, the Bringer of Eternal Night, the Soul Stealer. I had heard of him long before coming to Hogwarts as a student."

"Then you must know something that will aid us, sir, if you have heard of him."

The look in his eyes became faraway and sad.

"Professor?" please, we haven't much time." I said, trying to bring him back to the present.

Lupin shook his head, and then he continued:

"My family has been of Gryffindor's house for ages but before the founding of Hogwarts my ancestors aided Gryffindor or "Osirius" in the many battles he fought, including the one against Seth-Ra or, as he was known then, Set Beloved of Ra. He had existed through the ages, rising to power and then falling by the same hand only to rise again with the passing of the one who had once defeated him. Every

age has known him by different names and he has never been truly defeated for he just feigns death, awaiting the right set of circumstances to rise again more powerful and terrible than before. His power in the Dark Arts is great and he knows a terrible spell that allows him to always return from death with his spirit and his powers still intact within a new body whose own soul is fully destroyed. It was this spell that Voldemort attempted to master but failed to master fully.

Lupin paused significantly and eyed me, a serious look in his eye.

"No one has ever learned what this spell is, only that it is very powerful and evil and there is no known counter spell."

Lupin looked deep into my eyes for a moment, as if trying to figure out the answer to a question that was puzzling him.

"According to family history and to the legend, on the darkest hour of the darkest day there will arise one who is capable of defeating Seth-Ra for all time. He will have the ability to counter the spell and break it forever. He is called the Horus in the legend, though my family's lore calls him the son of the Lightbringer or Dawnbringer. Just exactly who the Horus is though is not known. Someâ€¦|
thoughtâ€¦|"

"That Harry was the Horus," I finished for him, as Lupin stared back out the window again.

He was lost deep in thought and seemed to be transfixed by something outside the window. It was then that I realized what he had to be looking at. He had one of the tower offices that looked out over the lake and, of course, Harry's grave was near there. In fact, on measuring the position of his office mentally, I discovered that the view out of the window could only be Harry's grave. There was nothing else in the area. I felt grief once again and my vision blurred.

"I still miss him every day. I keep expecting him to walk right through that door to see me," Lupin sighed and bowed his head a moment.

"I do to, sir. I think of him everyday and wonder if there was something more I could haveâ€¦|no, should have done to protect him," I said quietly, relieved at finally being able to give voice to the guilt that I had hidden and that still weighed heavily on my soul.

I looked back at where Harry floated. He looked extremely sad and had reached out a ghostly hand toward Lupin as if he wanted to touch him but didn't quite dare to.

"You couldn't have known what was going to happen. None of us could possibly have known," said Lupin, who had not taken his eyes off the grave.

His shoulders sagged and he sighed even more deeply than before.

"Too many dead. Too many old friends goneâ€¦|taken away in a moment before you have time to realize what you have lost," he said so quietly that I wasn't sure I'd heard him correctly.

"Yes, but if Harry or any of the others were here now they would tell you not to grieve too long for them. They will always be alive in you, in your memories. That is the place where they dwell forever in peace and no harm can ever come to them there."

Tears blurred the room around me then and Professor Lupin became an indistinct mass of shadows. For a moment, both of us wept for our lost friends and family. I'm not really sure that I knew where I had picked up that particular piece of wisdom nor was I sure how long we cried but soon our sobs came to an end and we stood looking into each other's eyes bright with tears. Lupin dropped his gaze from mine and wiped his eyes on his shabby robes.

"Thank you for saying those words. I needed to be reminded of that. For just a moment you sounded just like Dumbledore. Maybe my heart can finally begin toâ€¦"

But whatever he was going to say was cut off by a wave of darkness and evil that turned the cloudless day into the blackest night in a matter of seconds. Lupin's eyes had grown round and he muttered, "It's not possible," under his breath. Harry floated passed me to look out the window too, while my scar renewed its painful attack. It was sending lances of pain throughout my body and hard upon the pain I had another vision: a swirl of deep darkness, voices crying out in agony all around me, bright green light, a shower of red and gold sparks, three voices chanting in unison, then four voices, an army of darkness, evil twisted creatures that nature had never created, smoke, fire, pain and a towering, red-haired figure cloaked in shadows.

"Seth-Ra is attacking!" I shouted as his deep resounding laughter filled the air. I crossed to the other window and looked out at the teeming hoard below. The air was thick with strange flying creatures with leathery wings and the grounds below were covered with an immense hoard of the foulest creatures of darkness I had ever seen. The creatures below were human in that they walked upright on two legs and had arms but that was where the similarity to humans ended. They were also scaly and looked a little like giant, hooded cobras. Their hoods hid the faces of these creature and they carried barbed spears and swords with serrated edges. I had seen many creatures of darkness but never anything like these creatures.

Lupin jerked himself out of his stupor and into action at once. He ran out of the room and Harry and I had no choice but to follow in his wake. The alarms around the school sounded and Professor McGonagall's voice could be heard telling students to return to their House Common Rooms immediately and for the Professors to meet in the Great Hall at once. Outside in the hallway we meet Sirius Black, Ron and Hermione. Everyone was headed for the relative safety of their houses but we headed unerringly toward the Great Hall, which was swarming with people. Professor McGonagall was there, looking pale and nervous. I could read her feelings in her eyes. She was shocked and dismayed that another magical battle was eminent. I couldn't blame her for her feelings. Things had been going so well until now and now we were being plunged right back into the chaos of conflict which we thought we had left behind long ago. The feelings of helplessness and hopelessness returned to those of us who remembered the Battle of Hogwarts. McGonagall put on a brave face though and shouted out orders to organize the defenses around Hogwarts. Everyone

flew to accomplish the tasks she had asked of them without questions or complaint. We three were given no set task and so we volunteered ourselves to spy on the enemy for her. She reluctantly agreed and told us to be careful. We climbed to the top of Gryffindor Tower and watched the gathering army below us.

From the vantage point of the tower, we could see that Seth-Ra and his army had surrounded us, cutting us off from the outside world and from any aide we might have received from them. It was like a nightmare and each of us was forcibly reminded of the battle a year ago. How many would fall in this battle? We could see plumes of smoke rising in the air from the direction of Hogsmeade. It appeared that Seth-Ra had already sacked the village and taken what he wanted there. I shivered. Even though he was not visible at the moment, I could feel Seth-Ra. I could almost hear his thoughts. The power of Dark Magic was calling to me again, trying to overcome my will. It pulled at my mind with a greater force than it had ever done before. I struggled for a long while in silence, hearing the power call to me and a fierce longing to return to it swept over me. I could hear his voice promising me anything, everything if I would just join him. A part of me wanted to take his offer, wanted to believe the lies he was telling me and I was tempted. Yet another part of me was trying desperately to block Seth-Ra's voice out, to keep me to the path I had chosen. The path of goodness, the path of light. I heard my own voice again as it made its vow to renounce all evil. The two voices warred within me for my soul and the pressure within my mind built to the breaking point. Finally, one side won out over the other.

"No! I will not renounce my vow!" I shouted then. "Hear me, Seth-Ra! I will not be turned! I will not look back!"

The pain in my scar blinded me as it doubled and I heard Seth-Ra say, "So be it." I slumped to the ground, unable to stand any longer as wave after wave of pain attacked me. I knew Seth-Ra was trying once more to claim my soul but there was little I could do to prevent him from doing so. I prayed that whatever protective spell the others had cast on me would continue to hold. Soon the pain subsided again and I felt Seth-Ra's mind forced away from my own. I was able to see clearly again and to think once more.

Seth-Ra laughed, his deep laughter laced with evil and said in a magically magnified voice:

Give over to me the Heir of Osirius. Let him come to me now. This is his day of doom, his darkest hour. Come to me or you will lose the spirits of those you still hold dear, forever.

The three of us looked at Harry, who had grown paler and more transparent.

"No!" he whispered.

We all looked down and saw the spirits of Harry's parents, James and Lily, held captive within a net of Seth-Ra's power. They struggled within the glowing net, trying to escape it but in so doing, they only tightened Seth-Ra's hold on them.

You have one hour to decide the fate of the world.

"No!" not them!" Harry whispered again as he floated down in a

heap next to me.

"Howâ€|Whyâ€|" he continued, in disbelief.

He looked imploringly at each of us with his eyes shinning brightly with unshed tears and full of fear. We looked back at him unsure of what to do or say that would help. What would we do now? How could we save them from Seth-Ra's wrath?

A/N: Only Seth-Ra and this plot belong to me. Everything else belongs to J.K. Rowling. The sixth part of this story will be called "Quest Perilous " and will be coming shortly. This is turning out to be a much longer fic then my other one. Hope you enjoyed it and now that you've finished reading, please review. Thank You!

WeasleyTwin2

7. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Six: Quests Perilous

By: WeasleyTwin2

I thought I did what's right

I thought I had the answers

I thought I chose the surest road

But that road brought me here

****Better Than I****

John Bucchino

His hand is mighty (or victorious) within the house of Keb, and the Company of the Gods rejoice greatly at the coming of Horus, the son of Osiris, whose heart is firmly stablished, the triumphant one, the son of Isis, the flesh and bone of Osiris.

****The Origin of Horus****

Translated from the Egyptian by A.E. Wallis Budge

Harry trembled violently and sat with his face in his hands. He was sobbing, silver tears running down his face. Ron and Hermione hovered, silently staring at him. I reached out a hand to comfort him, and then pulled it back as I remember he was a ghost and not a living person. We sat in shocked silence for several minutes; our minds numb wondering what we could do to help. Finally, Harry gained some control over his emotions and his sobbing subsided, even if his tears did not. He looked up and when he did, we all saw the look of determination that his tear filled eyes held. His body still trembling, he floated to the edge of the tower and looked down at the

milling army standing between him and his parents. His eyes narrowed and he glared down at Seth-Ra who stood just behind them, his face cloaked in shadow.

"What will we do now?" asked Ron, who had come to stand next to Harry.

Soon Hermione and I had joined them, to look down at the teaming horde below. Harry turned away from the shadow-cloaked army.

"We must get you three out of here, passed the guards and into Godric's Hollow. We need the whole story, not just fragments, if we are to stand a chance against Seth-Ra," said Harry, his eyes glittering.

We nodded in agreement.

"But how will we get passed them without being seen?" I asked indicating the milling army below and the winged creatures that filled the skies above. I was positive that the creatures were spying on our every move.

I had sat down again. My scar was sending lances of pain through my head and I was feeling extremely weak, disoriented and lightheaded. My body burned and I could hear Seth-Ra's voice again. I tried to ignore the subtle hissing voice in my mind but it was insistent. It whispered of our deaths and doom, of the fate that awaited me and all who thought to oppose his will. I tried to shake the feeling that this cause of ours was hopeless but it remained there. All my lingering doubts resurfaced again. Surely the cause was doomed from the start. Surely we would fail in our quest. There was nothing left to fight for, was there? Then I looked into Harry's eyes and all my fears, all my doubts vanished. He believed the fight was worth fighting. Surely if Harry believed then there was a chanceâ€¦ A hopeâ€¦

"By a secret passage," said Harry with a sad sort of grin as if he was remembering something funny and yet sad at the same time.

His face grew set and determined. Then he said, "We must find Sirius quickly before it's too late."

He led the way down the tower steps and out into a passage just off the tower common room of Gryffindor house. There were so many memories haunting this hall that I could barely make myself walk down it. I kept seeing images from the battle, how the seventh years guarding this passage had gathered around Harry's flag draped stretcher, how the hall had been full of rubble, and how Harry had died in the Gryffindor Common Room just three days after we had taken him down this hallway. I shivered and tried to push these thoughts from my mind. Harry led us unerringly to a door in the this corridor where Sirius had a room that he used when not in his house outside of Hogsmeade, where he and Harry had lived for a time once his name was cleared. Ron knocked and the door opened. Sirius eyed us for a moment.

"Ronâ€¦Hermioneâ€¦Draco?" he said, looking extremely puzzled.

"We need your help!" said Harry.

Sirius' eyes widened when he heard Harry's voice. He looked all around for the source of the voice. They widened farther when Harry slowly appeared before him all silver and misty looking. Tears sprang into Sirius' eyes and he reached out a hand toward Harry. His mouth moved but no words would come out. Harry floated there, a look of profound sorrow on his face and I saw him begin to stretch out his hand toward Black. It was only for a split second and then the set look was back.

"I've no time to explain," said Harry, cutting off anything Sirius might say. "These three need to get out of here, tonight."

"Ourâ€|My house outside of Hogsmeade should be outside Seth-Ra's ring. I could led them there via the secret passage I had built."

"That's what I was thinking. Take them there for me, Sirius and then guide them to Castle Gryffindor in Godric's Hollow. You're the only one who can do this. You know all the hiding places and safe houses between here and there. Please do this for me. I would do it myself but I have another quest I must see to."

There was a fire burning in his eyes and his body trembled emotion when he said this.

"Whatâ€|?" began Ron.

"Harryâ€|don'tâ€|" Hermione cut in.

"You can't do thisâ€|" I began

Harry cut us off with a look of such rage and sadness that we became silent. He shook his head and sighed.

"I have to try and save my parents. They gave their lives to save me once. I owe it to them to try. You don't know and can't know what it's like in that place," Harry shivered then continued, "I cannot allow them to be sent there. I can't and I won't!"

I shivered as a foggy memory surfaced in my mind. A blurry image of fire and faint feeling of great pain overcame me for a moment.

"What if you are taken?" I asked, trying to fathom why he was doing this. "What then? How will we be able to fight against him and win without your help? I blurted, fear for Harry's safety evident in my voice.

Harry looked sadly at us, a look of indecision on his face. Two duties called and he must only choose one. He bowed his head for a moment and when he looked up again, he looked deep into each of our eyes, hold ours with his for a moment.

" I might be taken. I might even "die" again but at least I'll know I tried to save them instead of standing by, watching and doing nothing."

We all nodded. There was nothing else we could do once he had made up his mind and we all knew it. Harry looked pale and resolute.

"Take the weapons and go. Go into hiding if you must but remember to

never surrender to any of Seth-Ra's creatures. Fight, even if all seems lost. Fight until you have nothing left to give. Don't relinquish the weapons to him. If he tries to seize them you must destroy them. Promise me this," said Harry as he faded from our sights.

We promised him quietly.

"Good fortune to you!" we heard his voice call.

"And to you, Harry!" we called and then the voice too was gone. I wondered if we would ever see him or hear that voice again. I hoped we would meet again, somewhere.

We stood wrapped in deep silence for several minuets after Harry left. Finally, Sirius shook himself out of his stupor and turned to us, the shock of seeing Harry's ghost still visible in his eyes.

"I'm not sure what's going on but I will do asâ€¦ Harryâ€¦ asks," he paused for a moment, staring at the space Harry had occupied a minute before. " We will leave at sundown. Meet me at the statue of Gregory the Smarmy. Pack light for speed will be essential on this mission. I suggest you three get some rest if you can. If you will excuse me, I need to speak to Remus and Minerva."

After promising to him at sundown we returned to our rooms to pack. I laid out Harry's wand and the roll of parchment that contained all the information we had gathered on Seth-Ra, placing them on the bedside table. Then I pulled out a pack and began to fill it with clothing and some quills, parchment and ink. I closed it and draped my cloak over it. There was nothing else I needed. Suddenly exhausted, I decided to take Sirius' advice and rest. I lay on the bed and closed my eyes. I wondered about Harry's mission of mercy. Why did I feel overcome with panic every time I thought of Harry and his self appointed quest? Why did I feel that there was a trap laying in wait for him? I was extremely tired though and these thoughts didn't occupy me for too long. Soon I felt myself relax for the first time in a long while and then I was asleep.

Harry floated at the top of Gryffindor Tower, glaring down at the place his parents' spirits were trapped and at the spell which held them. Seth-Ra was still there, hovering like a great black shadow. The power that glowed around him was much more than Voldemort had ever held. He was at least ten times more powerful than Voldemort had ever been, even at his height. Harry knew that his own powers were nowhere near that strong as he gazed across the grounds at the creatures guarding the edges of the camp.

"Still no way in," he thought, watching the guards march back and forth around his parents.

Suddenly Harry noticed a nearly invisible barrier around the waiting army. It was much stronger than any barrier he had ever seen before and as dark as night. Harry muttered a curse and began to pace the tower roof, thinking. He had to find a way to get through the barrier. He HAD to. He could hear his parents calling to him.

"Don't give in to him, Harry. The others need your help more than we do," his mother's voice said out of the gloom that was descending

over the grounds and into Harry's heart.

"You will never truly lose us. We are with you always. Don't surrender to him, not without a fight. Remember what you told the others?" his father's voice cried.

He was hearing their pleading voices again, their last moments of life. The very words he remembered hearing as a baby in strange counterpoint to their current pleas.

"Please not Harry, not Harry!"

"Lily, take Harry and go!"

"I need to save them and protect the others too, but how. I can't be in two places at onceâ€|Wait a minute â€| Maybe ifâ€|"

His mind raced. There were only fifteen minutes left of the hour Seth-Ra had set. Could it be done in that amount of time? He pondered the question and studied the space between Seth-Ra and his parents and the dark barrier that surrounded them. He paced the tower again. He looked down at where his parents lay bound and studied the space between them and Seth-Ra again. He figured in his head how much time was needed and decided to try. When Seth-Ra performed the spell that would send them to their doom the barrier would weaken and he could slip in performing a counter spell and a protection spell on his parents, thus freeing them. Yes, he would be sacrificing his very soul but their safety was worth the price.

"My actions will save them and free them from Seth-Ra's power forever."

He could hear them cry "No!"

"Don't you see I have to do this? You once sacrificed all to save me. How can you expect me to do nothing to help you? We are too alike in that respect."

"But your powersâ€|" they began.

Harry hadn't forgot about them. He knew as well as they did that the powers of the Horus must never fall into the hands of Seth-Ra for if they did he would then become invincible. The powers Harry carried were the fourth weapon mentioned in the fragmentary legend: the wand, the cloak, the sword and the power of the Son of Osirius. He pondered for a moment and then disappeared from the tower's roof. After a few seconds he reappeared at the foot of the tower having completed the power transfer he had started earlier in the year. The bell tolled the hour and Harry stood still, readying the spell that would release his parents. It would take all of his remaining power to accomplish this spell but he was ready.

"THE SUN HAS SET AND THE HEIR OF OSIRIUS IS NOT HERE. I SEE YOU ARE TOO AFRAID TO FIGHT ONE WHO IS YOUR MASTER IN ALL THINGS. PITY. NOW YOU LOSE ALL YOU ONCE PRIZED AND ALL THOSE YOU ONCE LOVED. THEY ARE MINE! FOREVER!"

Seth-Ra raised his wand and began to cast the curse, his wand ringed by a glowing darkness. In that instant the barrier fell as Seth-Ra feed it's energies into the curse he was weaving. Harry apparated

into the space between his parents and Seth-Ra and shouted out the counter spell to the one set around his parents and the protection charm that would render Seth-Ra unable to do them any more harm. There was a blinding flash of golden and scarlet light and his parents were freed from the binding spell. They lay on the ground stunned for a few seconds and then they shouted and pointed at something behind Harry. Harry, who had been thrown to the ground by the combined force of the two spells, turned weakly around to see a bolt of darkness burst out of the end of Seth-Ra's wand and streak toward his parents who were still on the ground unable to move. Without thinking, he leapt into the space between the bolt and his parents. The bolt never reached them. It hit Harry with its full force and he fell to the ground in agony unlike any he had known before. Seth-Ra stepped forward to watch him as his spirit died. Harry looked up, a burning pain in his heart that was spreading throughout his body, and he saw the face of Seth-Ra. He paled realizing now what Prof. Trelawny's final prediction meant. Too late, he had found the answer. He knew who the traitor was, the one calling himself friend. Seth-Ra grinned an all too familiar grin and Harry felt the faint stirrings of fear in his fading soul. The world spun around him and he slumped forward but still managed to keep his pain-filled eyes on Seth-Ra's own.

"Yes, Horus. You've unmasked me at last but the information will do you no good. The one you knew is no more, there is only I, Seth-Ra. Know this you will give me more power than all of the others combined and with it I will rule this place forever. Light is forever vanquished and now Darkness will cover this land. I will rule, living forever. Think on this as you die and die again in the Place of Despair: Your greatest fear will come true and you will be mine body and soul. Darkness will claim you at last and you will call me master."

Harry smiled then, for he carried no power within him. It was all gone. He looked over at his parents, whose images were beginning to fade in and out. They were safe now from Seth-Ra's powers forever. He could just make out with his failing vision the pale glow of the same spell they had used to protect him from Voldemort years ago. His love would now guard them. He saw them reaching out to him and calling his name but it was too late. He couldn't hear them anymore and the sky began to darken around him then or maybe the world was just fading. He felt a blinding pain and thenâ€¦ nothing for a long time.

By now you know which characters belong to which authors, so I'm not going to repeat that again. Part 7 will move a little bit faster I promise and it will be called "Night Falls Fast". Hope you enjoyed this part. Please feel free to review or not, as you choose, even though I like reviews.J

WeasleyTwin2

8. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Seven: Night Falling Fast

By: WeasleyTwin2

Once begun

Life goes till it's gone

We have to go where it's going

Then You Looked at Me

** **Celine Dion

The night is falling fast

_ **_Les Miserables_**

**_ **Enjolras at the Barricades

I awoke from my deep, dreamless sleep and immediately knew something was different: very different. I felt stronger than I had ever felt in my life, even when the powers Dark Magic had been mine to use. The power I felt now ran along my veins and hummed in my ears. I felt complete, more complete than I had ever before. Instead of darkness and fear, I was full of light and courage. I felt strong and sure of what I could do. All my doubts seemed trivial and they left me for that moment. I was full of joy and hope for the first time in many years, maybe even in my whole life.

"So this is how Harry always felt," I thought

I recognized the signature of the power within me at once; such light and power could only have come from him. The strength of his gift surprised me for an instant. The question was: why he transferred his magic to me? I pondered this question as I got out of bed and dressed for our journey. Going over to the table by the bed to pick up Harry's wand, I noticed a note, written in scarlet ink under it. It bore the same handwriting as my original letter. Opening it, I read:

Draco,

I have no time to explain. I have transferred a part of my power to you. I must save my parents if I can. The path I take now is dark and full of danger: yet take it I must. I may be captured or my spirit might vanish forever from this world but I cannot and will not allow my powers to be taken by Seth-Ra, for that would make him invincible. Guard these powers and the wand well. Protect the others as well for they too carry a part of my powers with them. I trust you to carry out my wishes. Please have faith in yourself and the others. Do not ever doubt, for through doubt and fear Darkness can enter, sapping your power and courage. You must have no fear, no doubt in this dark time. I will try to join you later, if I am able, before the final battle. Good Luck!

Harry

The Potter crest was below his signature.

"Good luck, my friend," I murmured as I finished reading the note. I hoped he would be able to return to us, sometime. I had gotten used

to him being there again, always ready to help. I had also gotten to know him pretty well in the past several weeks and I found that I liked him now as much as I had once hated him. I didn't want to lose that friendship as strange as it was. I hoped he would try to stay safe and that he would come back to us when he was able.

Looking out my window, I noticed it was just nearing sunset, the hour appointed for departure. The patch of sky outside my window was scarlet, pink and blue. I thrust Harry's wand through my belt, shouldered my pack and threw my cloak over my shoulders. Then after one more sweeping look around the room to make sure I had left nothing behind, I left it without looking back. I headed down several flights and crossed the Entrance Hall, meeting no one along the way. I entered the restored wing of the school and could hear indistinct whispers all around me. I marveled at how they had been able to restore the wing exactly as I remembered it. The only addition was a small bronze plaque at the entrance, which dedicated the wing to those who had died in the Battle of Hogwarts. Officially, it was called the Memorial Wing now but the students called it the Harry Potter wing or more often just the HP even though Harry's final confrontation with Voldemort had not occurred anywhere near there. I smiled as I remembered Harry's reaction to this renaming. At first, he didn't believe us when we told him. Then he heard some of the students call it that and he was dismayed but the real shocker came when he overheard two of the teachers call it that. At that point, he conceded defeat and washed his hands of the whole affair claiming it was none of his business if the teachers wanted to call it that. Who was he to argue with the will of teachers?

I was the first of the party to arrive. Sirius Black was leaning against the wall with his arms folded across his chest. His eyes were closed and yet I sensed that he was alert even as he appeared to rest. This was a gift he had relied on during his years as a convict on the run and it had helped him escape the Ministry countless times over the course of those years. I began to think that this skill of his might be very useful on our long journey. I had seen Harry's godfather only a handful of times but never up close. Sirius was still extremely thin and his skin was pale from lack of sun. His black hair was cut short. A day's growth of beard stood out darkly on his chin. As I approached, his eyes snapped open and he pushed away from the wall.

"I was wondering who would be the first to arrive," he said.

I shrugged, not really knowing what to say to him. I heard the sound of footsteps coming down the hall from the opposite direction I had come. Looking down the now torch lit corridor, I was surprised to see Prof. Lupin coming toward us with rapid strides, his cloak and robes billowing out behind him. It was then that I noticed that he was carrying a pack of his own and that he had his wand thrust through his belt.

"Sorry Moony, old friend, but you lose the bet," said Sirius, humor coloring his voice and a twinkle in his eye.

"What bet?" I asked, curiously.

"Sirius and I had a bet going as to who would be the first to arrive. I said I would be the first to arrive at this little party and he, for some reason, thought you might be the first one." Lupin grinned

in good humor.

Sirius' grin widened and Lupin began to laugh. I couldn't help joining in and I began to relax in their company, at least somewhat. They had been friends for years, going all the way back to their school days. I didn't know either one of them well but I was beginning to believe that I would like almost anyone I had previously hated if I tried to get to know them and allowed them to get to know me. I wanted, no needed, friends as a thirsty man needs water. It was a strange sensation and one that I'm positive my late, but not so lamented, father would have taken me to task for. Nevertheless, I had come through many trials and had made my choice. As I had told Seth-Ra, I would not look back or regret the choice I had made.

Soon after Lupin's arrival, Hermione and Ron arrived from different directions with packs on their backs and cloaks thrown over their shoulders. We all stood for a moment in silence, surveying each other with a little fear and excitement reflected in all of our eyes. If Ron and Hermione were surprised to see Lupin, they showed no sign of it. I did wonder how and why he was able to join us. What we would do if we couldn't reach the ruined castle before a little less than a month passed.

As if he had read my mind, Lupin cleared his throat and said, "I'm going with you because I know a little about the ruins of Castle Gryffindor and how to get passed the protections that are said to guard it from the taint of Dark Magic. I also know where to find the information we're in search for within the castleâ€¦"

This information surprised me and I wondered where he had learned about Castle Gryffindor. It wasn't common knowledge and it certainly was not taught about at Hogwarts.

"But what aboutâ€¦?" Hermione began, looking concerned.

"As for myâ€¦ being a werewolfâ€¦ There is no need to worry. There has been a new discovery, invented quite by accident."

Lupin pulled an amulet from under his robes and showed it to us. I saw that it was gold, teardrop shaped, inscribed with many runes and inset with a single ruby. I recognized it at once though I did wonder where he had gotten it. They were extremely rare and I myself had only heard of them but had never seen one until now. It was a Wolfsbane Amulet. They were so rare and valuable not only because they were a new discovery but also because they were so difficult to make and the spell involved was so complicated that only the highest-level wizards would have been able to make the one before me.

"That's a Wolfsbane Amulet," I said, looking awed.

The others looked surprised but whether it was because of my knowledge or because of the amulets rarity, I wasn't sure

Lupin shifted slightly, as if he was uncomfortable, and then nodded.

"Whoâ€¦?" began Sirius.

"I had Severus make it for me. He was the only one here capable of

it. It works the same as the potion of the same name and renders me harmless to people when I transform as long as I always wear it. The amulet is one of the reasons Minerva would let me go. Severus agreed to take my classes while I'm gone.

"Are you sure he can be trusted? He hates you, you know." Black was both skeptical and surprised. There was a longstanding feud between Snape and Lupin that went back to their own student days

"I've tested the amulet and found the spells to be set correctly. Severus and I might dislike each other but he would never betray the school or me. We have no other choice but to trust him. We can't afford to fail. If we do then all is lost and the world will be plunged into a darkness that will never end. I have to go with you, it's important somehow. I don't why I feel that way, but I do. I have to do thisâ€¦ Jamesâ€¦ andâ€¦ Harry would have." Lupin glared at us all, daring anyone to deny his request. Sirius bowed his head a moment and then shrugged.

I hoped Lupin was right about the amulet because I had no wish to face a full grown werewolf who wasn't docile in the middle of a ruin in what was likely to be enemy territory.

"We'll be lucky to get there in one piece without some ambushes being laid on our road," I thought glumly.

Sirius took out his wand and tapped the statue smartly. He muttered a few words of which I only caught "mischief" and "open". The statue slide sideways and revealed a trap door that none of us had seen before. Lupin lifted this and we all stood looking at a rough wooden ladder that descended into a dark tunnel that went in the direction of Hogsmead. Silently, the five of us slipped down the ladder and into the tunnel. There was a scurrying noise and some distant squeaks but the tunnel was otherwise silent. Sirius put his finger to his lips indicating we should remain silent and move as quietly as possible. We followed him down the dim lit and slimy passage, encountering nothing along the way beyond a few mice that scurried away into the darkness when our dim wand light hit them. Sirius led the way and Lupin brought up the rear. They seemed ideally suited for their positions. Sirius knew where we were going and Lupin's enhanced hearing would be able to pick up signs of pursuit. I began to suspect that both of them were guarding the three of us. I wondered if they too had been visited in the night by Harry's ghost or had had a note from him as I had.

As soon as it became clear there was no danger and no enemies hidden in this passage, my thoughts returned to the questions that were still running circles in my mind: the questions that still hadn't been answered. Why had Harry transferred his powers to the others and me? Why had I been the one chosen by his wand? Wouldn't Ron or Hermione have been a more logical choice? Either one of them would have been a better choice in my mind. They were both much stronger in the magic of the Light than I was and they were of Gryffindor's house as I was not. My own power was so limited, much more so than my powers of the Dark had been. I had had precious little training in the Light magic and I was sure this would be a weakness that Seth-Ra could use to his advantage.

"No doubtâ€¦ I must have no doubt in my heartâ€¦ Darkness can enter through fear and doubtâ€¦" I repeated the phrase from Harry's letter

to myself over and over again as we moved down the dim passageway.

I wondered what awaited us at the other end of this tunnel and in the ruins of Castle Gryffindor once we reached it. I knew that Sirius' house was near Hogsmead but not in it and I hoped that when we got there we wouldn't find the place overrun with Seth-Ra's minions. I shivered at the thought of facing them and Him unprepared. We were not ready to face Seth-Ra because we could not yet defeat him for all time without the information we were seeking. Questions and doubts began to flood my brain, even though I tried to shove them into a small corner of my mind, striving to forget about them.

All too soon we arrived at the end of the passage. We stood grouped around the doorway that marked the end of the passage. My heart was throbbing so hard that I thought it would burst. Everyone's eyes reflected my fear and uncertainty. Lupin went up to the door and pressed his ear against its wooden surface to listen for sounds on the other side. He listened intently, his face a mask of concentration. Several silent minutes passed before he nodded, just one quick, sharp movement and Sirius took out a small, golden key. He fitted the key into the ornate lock and turned it. We all heard a very audible click as it unlocked and we held our breath. Lupin pressed his ear against the door again and waited a few moments. After several silent and tense minutes had passed, he nodded again and Sirius slowly opened the door with his wand raised and ready. It was then that I noticed that we all had our wands at the ready. I didn't remember even pulling Harry's wand from my belt.

Sirius edged into the room beyond the door and motioned for us to remain where we were. I was glad that he was going to check to see that things were okay before everyone entered. My heart was still doing its tap dance in my chest and I was sure that everyone could hear it. Everyone was looking like I felt, pale and fearful, though Lupin tried to hide it. I was beginning to get a headache, which radiated from my scar, outward and I wondered how close Seth-Ra's creatures were. Time passed and the cooler air coming through the door became more and more inviting before Sirius returned. He ushered us into what turned out to be an empty basement room. We followed him up the wooden stairs and into a small kitchen, which was bigger, than the one I had in my own house. The windows were shuttered so that no light would escape through them.

"We'll have to remain in this room and keep very quiet. Seth-Ra's minions have a camp nearby."

I really didn't want to hear that but then I already knew they were nearby because my body began to burn and I became weaker and slightly disoriented in addition to the headache that was now pounding in my head. We all nodded in response not daring to say anything for fear of being overheard by the creatures we were hiding from.

"We will rest here tonight and continue our journey in the morning. It would be best to keep together and stay in this room as much as possible. We should also set a watch in pairs. It's quiet now but—" Sirius let the sentence hang.

We all agreed and drew lots for watches. I drew the final watch with Sirius. As I bedded down, I wondered what the dawn would bring. This

was my last thought before sleep overcame me and sent me into nightmares full of fire and voices screaming in pain.

Several hours later, Sirius shaking my arm awakened me. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and untangled myself from my blankets. I stretched and yawned, trying to will my tired body into action. I had not slept well at all. I was stiff and sour and my head ached dully from the proximity of Seth-Ra's creatures. Sirius looked as though he had not slept at all. His eyes were red and puffy and his face was haggard looking. I suddenly wondered if he ever slept. He always seemed to look like this whenever I would see him from a distance. I took the cup of warm tea that he offered without commenting on his lack of sleep. I drank it in almost one gulp without adding any sugar and then I took a second cup when he offered it. My head cleared somewhat and I was able to eat a little bit of bread and cheese although evidentially not enough for Sirius. He was looking at me with concern and a little puzzlement reflected in his face.

"I'm fine," I told him.

Sirius merely looked deeply into my eyes and nodded. The silence stretched out between us, making me very uncomfortable. I looked around the kitchen, seeking something to talk about but coming up with nothing to say. I wasn't sure what to say to him because I barely knew him. Sirius continued to study me for several minutes, a far away look in his eyes.

"You're the One," he said, so softly that the words didn't carry to the others who were deeply asleep, wrapped in blankets nearby.

"What?" I said, shaking my head in confusion. I had no idea what he was talking about.

"It wasn'tâ€¦ Harryâ€¦ it is you," he intoned with the same look in his eyes except now his eyes were flashing fiercely.

"What are you talking about?"

Suddenly, Sirius shook his head; the faraway look replaced by a look of confusion in his eyes. It was as if he had come out of some kind of trance. He looked at me a moment more then dropped his gaze. I stood there with a look of utter bewilderment on my face. What could he have been talking about? Surely I couldn't be the Horus, could I? I was not even of the correct house. All the information we had on the matter clearly stated that the Horus was of Osirius/Gryffindor's house.

"It's not possible." I thought in disbelief.

Unless I was now of Gryffindor. I wondered if I put the sorting hat on right now would it put me in Gryffindor instead of Slytherin. Was it possible for one's house alignment to change over time or under great stress such as we had just experienced? This thought was too much for me to take on top of everything else that had already happened. I sat down in a chair and tried to make sense out of the confusion that my thoughts had become. Sirius, it appeared, could not remember what he had said to me and he looked on with concern written clearly on his face. I was just about to repeat that I was fine when a flash of movement caught my eye and I felt a stab of cold fear

chill my heart but it was only Ron turning over in his sleep. I took a deep breath and tried to calm my heart's wild beating. I looked over at Sirius, who looked just like I felt. We laughed nervously at our somewhat groundless fear. I looked around the kitchen again and noticed for the first time that it was much nicer then the one in my own little house. In fact, the whole house was probably larger then my own. It was ironic that Sirius, the one that some people still thought of as a criminal, should have a house larger then a Malfoy. I grinned up at him and his eyes twinkled for a moment.

"You've got a nice place here," I said, not knowing what else to say.

Sirius shrugged, his eyes still twinkling despite the gravity of our situation and began to pace the room, checking all the windows and the outside door to be sure they were secure.

"Best see to the wards in the rest of the house," he muttered.

He walked passed me and through the opposite door into the utter darkness of another room, the details of which were hidden from me. Curiosity getting the better of me, I murmured "lumos" and, in the faint light cast by Harry's wand, I followed him. The next room was a small dining room with paneled walls that reflected my faint wand light. There was a table surrounded by chairs and a china cabinet whose contents also reflected my light. Sirius had already left this room and had entered another room. I could hear noises coming from the room beyond the dining room's double doors. I followed the faint noises and passed through the double doors to find myself in a large room full of chairs and books with many paintings and photographs on the walls. Everything in this room was dim and hazy, cloaked in shadow except for where the wand cast its light. By its faint light I could see that from every picture, Harry waved and smiled down at me. There were other pictures in the room, of course, Sirius and his friends and Harry's parents holding an infant Harry who waved but I only noticed Harry's smiling face in these pictures and all else was a blur. A fresh wave of grief hit me full force. I tried to shut it out but I couldn't and the room blurred around me for a moment. My grief almost overwhelmed me but I couldn't understand why. I thought I was over Harry's death. Maybe I wasn't, maybe I was kidding myself.

"We don't have time for grief..." I thought fiercely at myself, as tears fell from my eyes.

I felt as if I had lost him all over again, this time for all time. I searched within me and felt a sudden, unexplainable fear wash over me in a wave. Harry was in grave danger somewhere. The part of him still within me echoed with fear and great pain. I almost cried out but stopped myself only just in time. It would do our quest no good if we were captured now. I could feel Harry's soul in peril, the power I held hummed in response to this threat, this attack. I was powerless to offer any aid nor could I say what the source of the danger was although my guess was Seth-Ra. I thought I heard a faint scream "No!" echo down the magic line of power that held the four of us together but I couldn't be sure.

Sirius appeared not to notice my emotional display as he checked the wards around the high windows and the front door. Then he looked up the winding staircase that led to the second floor and, through eyes

still full of tears, I saw him crumple to the floor. Instantly alert and with my wand at the ready, I rushed to his aid thinking he'd been attacked by something. I reached him and looked up the stairs but saw nothing to explain his fall. Puzzled, I looked down at him and saw he too was quietly sobbing.

"I can't do it I can't" he repeated over and over.

It was then that I realized Sirius must still be grieving for Harry and that Harry's appearance at Hogwarts had renewed that grief maybe even doubled it. Sirius had been like a father to Harry in his last few years, more of a father than Harry's uncle had ever been. It was an awful thing for a parent to lose a child: to be the one to outlive them. Sirius' grief must be terrible and much deeper than my own. Seeing Harry's ghost, however briefly it had been, must have felt like salt on a fresh wound. I felt drawn to help him then and I tried to comfort him as best I could. My own tears ran anew and we wept for several minutes together. After a moment he stopped and turned his tear bright eyes to me, an unasked question in their depths. He cleared his throat and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Can you make the upper floor secure? Please" he said in a voice soaked with deep emotion

I nodded and Sirius went to sit on a nearby chair. After making sure he was settled, I mounted the stair to the upper floor with some trepidation. At the same time I felt drawn to that second floor for some reason. That reason must have had something to do with the part of Harry that I carried within me, like a small spark of flame. One by one, I checked the wards around the windows of all the rooms, with an almost methodical air. They were all intact and strong and they all bore Harry's signature, glowing with a strong scarlet and gold light easily recognizable to me. Finally, I came to the room at the end of the long hall, which was drawing me like a moth to a flame. The door was closed and, at first, I thought it was locked as well. It opened at my touch though and I took a deep breath before entering the room, as if preparing for an encounter of some sort.

It was just an ordinary room, not all that much different from the ones we had kept while at Hogwarts. The hangings on the bed were the scarlet and gold of Gryffindor and the people in the photographs waved at me as I crossed to the room's only window and checked the wards on it too. I longed to look outside and see where the enemy camp was but I didn't dare. It would be too dangerous and I really didn't need to see where they were anyway because I could feel them and my head throbbed as I sensed their nearness. I didn't understand why they affected me this way but they did. Turning from the window, I looked for the first time at my surroundings and realized this was Harry's room. Something in the room was calling to me, a faint whispering sound. My eyes scanned the room, searching for the source of the whisper. The room looked like it had not been touched in all the time since Harry's death and there was a fine coating of dust on everything from the curtains that covered the window to the floor. My feet had left prints in the dust on the floor as I slowly moved around the room and my foot prints were the only ones here. Harry's parents waved serenely at me from a photograph on the desk, while the whole Gryffindor Quidditch team jumped up and down with the Quidditch Cup in their hands. I remembered that day with bittersweet irony. It had been the last match of our seventh year. Gryffindor had narrowly defeated Slytherin to win the Cup. I smiled grimly remembering what

happened next. How could we have known that the very next day Voldemort would attack and change everyone's lives forever. I shook my head and tears began to form from the combination of sad memories and the dust. I continued to scan the room carefully and felt a pull from a small desk drawer. I pulled it open and found a sealed letter and a small leather bound book within it. The whispering stopped the instant that I touched them. I wondered what they contained but before I had a chance to take a closer look at either one of the objects, I heard a noise right behind me. I jumped and whipped around to find Sirius standing in the doorway. There were tears streaming down his face again.

"I haven't been in here since," he said in a trembling voice, tears shining in his eyes.

Once again, I found myself in the position of comforter. It was odd that this kept happening to me, whose own grief was not yet healed and who had so little experience in giving comfort to anyone. Yet here I was trying to comfort Sirius when I wanted a shoulder to lean on myself while standing inside Harry's old room and surrounded by the memories that the objects in the room called up. I told him the same things I had told Lupin only yesterday which felt like a lifetime ago. It seemed to calm him a little, though he still had tears standing in his eyes. There were people in pain all around me now and there would likely be more before this whole business was done. I hoped and prayed that we would survive this night that had fallen so fast upon us.

A scream from below rent the air and disturbed my inner contemplation. Our tear stopped suddenly and we both took the stairs at a run and burst into the kitchen to see what had been its cause. Hermione stood, her mouth open in a now silent scream, staring at something through the shade. I looked and noticed that the sky was still black as night, though it was supposed to be sunrise. These were not ordinary clouds heralding the arrival of a great storm but some sort of spell. I could feel it but had no clue what it meant. There also seemed to be a strange humming in the air as if great power was being used somewhere nearby. It was Dark magic and its probable source was the nearby enemy camp. I could hear that faint hissing voice in my head again but I shut it out as best I could. I shook my head to clear it. I could also feel the power of the Light but it was a faint and feeble stirring the wizard behind it was weakening fast.

Outside the window the Darkness seemed to be alive. It swirled and moved and throughout its expanse were small flashes of green and scarlet light as if someone was doing battle within it. I felt the tension in the air between the two unknown forces fighting high above us. It was while watching this that I finally noticed that there was a troop of Seth-Ra's minions very close to the house chasing what looked, at first, like a six-legged creature. As I watched it draw nearer the strange creature resolved into two people helping a third. All three had the flaming red hair of the Weasley's. They came closer, with Seth-Ra's creatures after them and gaining rapidly on them and I could see, at last, who it was. Fred and George were running and limping between them was an older man who looked to be related to them. Ron gasped behind me and I turned to him to find his eyes were widened in shock and disbelief.

"Bill?" Ron said, his shock evident in his voice. Ron's eyes

rolled up inside his head and he slumped to the floor in a faint.

I stared back out the window and felt like fainting to. It was like seeing a ghostâ€¦ Bill couldn't be the man that limped between the twins. It was not possibleâ€¦ Bill was deadâ€¦

A/N: All these characters belong to J.K. Rowling and her publishers except for Seth-Ra who belongs to me. Part 8 will be called _Spirit Lostâ€¦_Now that you've finished reading this please do review it.
J

WeasleyTwin2

9. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 8: Spirit Lostâ€¦

By: WeasleyTwin2

Sometimes you wonder if this fight is worthwhile.

The precious moments are all lost in the tide.

****Listen to Your Heart****

Roxette

I see it perfectly clear and I cry for the dreams that you kill

**** View from a Hill****

**** ****

Roxette

The darkness around him began to recede. He could hear muffled voices, but he saw and felt nothing. The voices faded in and out and he seemed to be floating in the air. Then quite suddenly he could see but dimly. The Light and Dark were swirling above him. The voices around him rose and fell, chanting softly, calling to him. Two opposing chants swirled around him and called him to join them but he was too weak to answer. The voices seemed familiar but he had no memories of whom they might belong to nor could he remember how he had ended up here. He tried to move, tried to speak but nothing would work right. Anger surged through him and he tried again to move but it was in vain. He lay there unmoving and silent with the voices around him and the Light and Dark swirling above him. He was nothing and knew nothing but that Light and Darkness moving around him and through him. He knew nothing but the voices which spoke so softly that he couldn't make out the words of the chants being sung around him.

Time passed, minutes, hours, days- he didn't know. There was no time in this place. The Dark battled the Light for his wavering attention.

As he watched them fight, a thoughtâ€¦ a memory surfaced. There was a great battle raging all around himâ€¦ he stood on a bloody fieldâ€¦ Darkness surrounded himâ€¦ he was alone. This memory, if that's what it was, led to others and soon he had seen the whole life and the death of someone. The memories came in flashes, glimpses of things, people, and places that looked familiar but that he couldn't name. Was this his former life? He decided that it must be. It seemed familiar to him, like the voices were but he couldn't remember having lived through the things in the images. It felt far away, long ago, not a part of him or anything he had lived through.

It was then that he realized that he couldn't remember his own name. He grew afraid then. His nameâ€¦ what was his name..? It was important; extremely important for him to remember who he was though he couldn't remember why it was so important. Desperately, he strove to find it among the memories he had found, to hold it in his thoughts but each time he would find it, it would slip from his weak grasp like an elusive Snitch. He couldn't keep a hold of it but he knew with certainty that it was important for him to hold onto it. It would tell him who he was and why he was trapped in this place. It might even tell him how he had come to be here. He waited thinking his name would float to the surface of his thoughts buoyed up by his need to know it. It didn't. He cried in frustration and rage. As he did so, the chanting crescendo and then stopped altogether. He was left alone in the deeper Darkness, which was swirling around and through him. The Light had gone, taking its chant away with it. The Darkness round him was cold and oppressive. It was weighing his spirit down, trying to make him like itself. He shivered, trembling with fear. The Darkness around him pulsed and he grew more afraid still, though he couldn't figure out why. He was mortally afraid of this Darkness. He felt the fear coursing through him and with it his vague memories began to fade. He grew more afraid in the Darkness

A voice in his mind said: "No, do not be afraid. In this Darkness is a place to be hidden and made whole again. Here you are safe foreverâ€¦ Sleepâ€¦ Sleepâ€¦ Sleepâ€¦".

He slipped off into the darkness of a deep sleep and as he did so, somewhere in the Darkness above him someone laughed a deep, resounding and evil laugh.

* * *

He awoke to more and deeper Darkness and chanting. The Darkness penetrated into his very being, chilling his blood and making him shiver. The voices in the song called to him but he still couldn't make out the words that hissed in his ears. There was no light and the second group of chanters had fallen away. The voices around him were familiar. He knew those voicesâ€¦ they belonged toâ€¦ no names would come to his tired mind. Frantic with desperation, he cast about in his mind for the names and faces that went with the voices, but there was nothing but the Darkness within him: horrible, cold and unending Darkness. He was alone. He had nothing. No Light, no memories, no body, no existence, no power. He had nothing but the Darkness that swirled around and through him, blocking all light from reaching him, stealing everything from him, sapping the strength from his will and spirit. It was eating him, taking his memories and spirit with it. He fought and struggles against it not knowing why he did so, only knowing that if he wanted to survive he must fightâ€¦ "don't give up without a fight"â€¦ an echo from the past. He

fought the Darkness grimly but it was still swirling around and through him, stifling him and stealing his light a piece at a time. In the end he slumped back, defeated and severely weakened by the attack he had launched.

"The Darkness will always be there, my servant. The Light is now departed. I have sent it far awayâ€|"

"Noâ€|Neverâ€|Serveâ€|Darknessâ€|Lightâ€|" he said weakly to the voice above him.

The voice laughed and he felt his will weaken under the influence of the spell cast on him.

"Stay here in the Dark where you can rest. Hide within it; make it as a second skin around you. Use it to strengthen you. Let it inside you. You are ill now but soon you will be well again and all its power will be yours to command. Sleep nowâ€|Sleep."

The hissing voice was lulling him into sleep once again. He felt himself fall and then sleep overtook him and he slept heavily.

* * *

He awoke feeling more tired than he had ever been before and so weak that he knew if he had the power to move he would have been too weak to do so. He had spent the night in dreams full of Darkness, pain, fire and screaming, pleading voices. Things half seen and half remembered. A castle stood, gleaming white in the bright sunlight, a ruin cloaked in Darkness so deep that it was only to be seen by the faint glow of its walls, a battle seen through a veil of mist, hazy and distant, voices crying out in anguish and pain. These were the disjointed pieces of his life but he could not name any of the places or things he saw nor any of the faces that floated like a kaleidoscope before him. It was all lost to him, lost forever, never to be regained. Did these memories even belong to him? He was beginning to doubt that they did. All he knew, all he had was the Darkness.

"Yesâ€|" a voice hissed.

The Dark scared him and yet it drew him at the same time. It was strange. The deep impenetrable Darkness around him reached out to comfort him in his sorrow and yet still feared it, still fought against it. The Dark was all he had left. It held the clues to his past. He should be embracing it, learning what it would teach, and yet he continued to push it away. What made him do this?

"I will restore you to power and make you whole againâ€|"

There was no light within him anymore; the darkness had stolen into its place. And yetâ€|could he turn his back on itâ€|betray what he had once embraced and believedâ€|

"The Light had turned its back on you," said a soothing voice. "It has left you here to die alone. The Light betrayed you first. It left you alone in the world and now it takes your life. It has now become your enemy. Come with meâ€|Comeâ€|"

He tried to block the subtle voice from his mind but it quickly became evident that he could not do so. It was all around him and within him. His resolve to fight the Darkness was weakening. He could feel the Darkness within him was taking over inch by painful inch.

"The Light has abandoned you, discarded you when your usefulness had ended. Take my darkness into you. Let it flourish and grow within your heart."

The chanting started again, this time it was a chant of Darkness and despair. He felt his spirit begin to crumple beneath the weight of the attack. Silently he fought, grimly. He was still not willing to just surrender, not without a fight. He knew the battle was hopeless, knew that he would lose and still he fought on. There was nothing else to do. He fought until he had nothing left with which to fight. He laid, his strength totally spent, his will in tatters and his spirit scattered across the darkness. He knew, with certainty, that all was lost in that moment. There was no hope left, no Light. He had nothing left to give. He closed his eyes, tears streaming down his face, and waited for the final blow to fall. He would truly be dead now. He heard a deep, cruel, mocking laugh high above him.

"You will learn that the Dark always wins. Yes, my unwilling servant, you will watch and learn this lesson well. I shall enjoy turning you to my eternal Darknessâ€| Heir of Osiriusâ€|Horus that wasâ€|"

He felt the final blow fall, his will shattered and in that instantâ€| when the Darkness flooded though himâ€| when Seth-Ra's laughter rose in triumphâ€|he remembered. He remembered everything: who he was, his lineage, the quest, everything and in that moment despair and fear filled him.

"Noooooooo!" he heard himself scream.

"I'm never going over to the Dark side!" The statement echoed hollowly down the years, to haunt him.

Seth-Ra's laughter filled the air and echoed in his mind. The darkness closed around him, stifling him and he felt himself falling, falling.

"So dies the Light."

Harry seemed to fall forever, into the cold Darkness and the part of him that was still Harry wondered what would happen when he hit the bottom.

A/N: Sorry this part is so short but it refused to be expanded in editing. Hope you enjoy it. As always, Seth-Ra is mine and all the rest are J.K.Rowlings. The ninth part will be called "â€|Hope Found" Please be sure to review. Thanks so much.

WeasleyTwin2

10. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Nine: Hope Found

By WeasleyTwin2

####

Bravely we hope against all hope

_There is so much at stake, _

Seems our freedom's up against the ropes.

****Burning Heart****

**** ** Survivor**

We can never be certain

What the future may bring

_In the land it is winter _

But we hope and we pray

For spring.

_ ****The Land of the Fathers****

**** **From the Musical: _Martin Guerre_ _ ** *******

"We must do somethingâ€|" said Ron, his voice trembling. "We have to save themâ€|somehow."

We all stared out the window at the approaching group. Bill had fallen and we could see Seth-Ra's creatures getting closer, shouting in triumph. I watched Ron and noticed that his eyes had glint in them. Suddenly he whirled around and sprang for the door attempting to wrench it open. It took Sirius, Remus and I several minutes to calm him. He struggled against us.

"We can't let them know we are here," Sirius growled, with sadness in his eyes. "We can't afford to be found."

"WE MUST DO SOMETHING! WE CAN'T JUST STAND BY ANDâ€|LETâ€|" said Ron in a vehement whisper, sorrow coloring his voice.

"There is nothingâ€|" I began, but the sorrowful and pain filled look Ron gave me stopped me in mid-thought.

We stood in silence, watching and trying to come up with some plan that would save them while keeping our presence here a secret. I could think of none and was about to say so when Hermione's eyes lit up.

"The cloakâ€|" she said turning to Ron, hope alight in her eyes.

She ripped open her pack and pulled the silvery invisibility cloak from its depths. It glowed slightly and shimmered in her hands as she

threw it over her shoulders, pulling the hood over her head. She disappeared from our sight with only a barely audible swish of the cloak to tell where she was.

"Hermioneâ€|no!" Sirius yelled, but the door had already opened and shut. She was gone.

We turned back to the window and watched. Bill had gotten to his feet and he and the twins were running again. They were still headed toward the house as fast as Bills wound would allow but Seth-Ra's creatures were gaining on them. We could hear them, their howls of triumph ringing in the air. Suddenly, those howls became cries of pain as one of the creatures ignited into a blue column of flame. It's companions inched away from the one that was ablaze but that one ran in to their midst screaming its blood curdling scream. Soon there were five columns of blue fire, their screams filling the air around them. The rest tried to flee from their fellows but found themselves surrounded by a wall of energy. They howled in rage at their inability to reach their prey. Bill and the twins slowed from a frantic run to a walk. Soon they had gained the relative safety of the house. The kitchen door opened and the four of them entered, panting from their run. Then Fred, George and bill slumped to the floor, trembling with a combination of fear and exhaustion. Hermione unclasped the cloak and folded it neatly before putting it in her pack once more. She looked very pleased with herself.

Sirius, however, looked angry. "That was a stupid thing to do! Now you've given away our location! We'll have to leave nowâ€|"

"Don't worry, I've put a spell of silence on them and a charm that blocks the enemy from seeing the fires. It will drive them away. I wasn't Head Girl for nothing. We will be safe here for the moment."

She looked deep into Sirius' eyes. Sirius started to say something but Lupin stopped him before he started.

"She's right, Sirius," he said with a chuckle.

Sirius shrugged but his eyes reflected his concern.

" We should still keep a watchâ€|"

"I'm not disagreeing with you Padfoot, quite the opposite in fact. We'll gladly do whatever your comfortable with," said Lupin with a faint grin.

Sirius nodded as Hermione went to where the twins and Bill sat slumped on the floor. All three of them looked terrible. Their vivid red hair was shaggy and matted and their black robes were in tatters. Bill looked worse then the twins. He was extremely thin and pale and there were circles under his eyes. His long, flaming red hair was a mess and his face and clothing were smudged with dirt. His eyes had a haunted look, as if he had seen great evil done right in front of him and had been powerless to stop it. His wounded leg was thrust out in front of him. There was a long jagged gash that traveled from his knee to his foot on it that was bleeding sluggishly. Bill grimace and his eyes flashed as Hermione examined the wound. It looked worse then it really was though. Hermione cleaned it and bound it up in strips of cloth.

"Thank you," Bill said to her as he closed his eyes.

Ron's mouth worked but no sound would come out. After a few minutes Bill opened his eyes again and looked at him. Fred and George rose from the floor and began to stretch and moan. I watched them all careful, sensing something vaguely familiar and my senses on the alert. There was somethingâ€¦

"We thought you were dead Billâ€¦ We were told that you fell in battleâ€¦ Howâ€¦? What happenedâ€¦" said Ron, a hint of disbelief in his voice.

The story that Bill and the twins told was one of horror. Bill had been held captive ever since Seth-Ra's tomb had been opened. He had been a part of a team of wizards who had been called in to break some powerful curses on vaults and tombs in Egypt that had begun to affect the local Muggle population. They had been in the middle of a curse breaking session when the area around them was rocked by a magical explosion. When Bill woke up, some time later, he was the only one left alive. Seth-Ra had tried to drain him of his powers, as he had the others, but had been unable to for some reason. He had kept Bill a prisoner in a camp all this time and it was in a camp nearby that he had run into his brothers. Together they had plotted an escape and, after be-spelling some of the lesser guards, had managed to get several miles outside of the camp before they were missed. They soon discovered that using magic brought other, more horrible creatures of Seth-Ra on them. These creatures gave chase.

"If you hadn't saved usâ€¦ our souls would now be dust," said Fred, shivering at the memory.

"Those creaturesâ€¦ the Serpens-Animusâ€¦ have the power to drain a person of their powers and to destroy the soul completelyâ€¦ That's what they were ordered to do to us if they caught us."

"Rest now. We'll decide what to do in the morning," said Lupin in soothing tones.

The three of them lay down and soon they were fast asleep. We sat nearby, unable to sleep, and discussed our situation and theirs. It was obvious to us that they could not travel in their condition. So it was decided that we would send them back to Hogwarts with whatever information they carried via the secret passage. It was our only hope and Hogwarts would be somewhere they could rest and recover at. We would continue on our journey the next day. Sirius hoped to reach the Castle in a week, if all went well.

"I know all the hiding places and the quickest paths along this route, " said Sirius pointing it out on the map that was open before us.

"What about these creaturesâ€¦ these Serpen-Animusâ€¦" I asked, hoping someone had considered them.

"We must do all we can to avoid detectionâ€¦ here is what we will do."

Lupin outlined a plan that called for us to masquerade as Muggles on a tour of the country. It was such a simple plan and we readily

agreed to it. We talked far into the night finalizing our plans for departure and all the while I had a sense of foreboding and felt as if someone was watching. When I turned around to look, there was nothing in the room but the sleeping Weasleys and ourselves.

All too soon the sun rose, though the sky above remained wreathed in a shadow that blocked out the sun's light. As we made ready to leave, Bill and the twins were also getting ready for their journey. We saw them off at the door that lead to the underground passage back to Hogwarts.

"There are some of Seth-Ra's creatures nearby," said Bill. "Be safe and I'll see you when it's all over."

Ron hugged him then and told his twin brothers to be careful.

"You know usâ€|" said George with a wink and a ghost of a grin.

"â€|we are ever the very heart and soul of caution," finished Fred with a grin.

Then the three of them were gone as if they had never been here. I felt faintly uneasy but said nothing as we shouldered our packs and left by the kitchen door. Looking back at the house of Sirius Black, I hoped that the three of them would find safety within Hogwarts' walls.

* * *

Our journey to Castle Gryffindor began uneventfully but soon it became apparent that someone knew where we were going and perhaps also how we were disguised. We were blocked from our goal at every turn, Seth-Ra's minions always laying in ambush at every crossroad. I was only just able to sense them in time to avoid disaster. We were forced to go several miles out of our way which caused a week's long trip to turn in a trip of a month as we struggled to find some clear path to our goal. None of Sirius' safe places were safe any more; Seth-Ra's forces had overrun them all. Our provisions began to run out and we were reduced to living off of what we could hunt. The one blessing in all this was the fact that the Wolfsbane Amulet worked just as it was supposed too and we spent the night of the full moon unmolested for there were few creatures that would bother a werewolf. They all knew it was suicide to try so all creatures left us alone.

I couldn't shake the feeling that we were being watched and followed everywhere we went. I felt as if there were eyes everywhere, watching us. I tried also to shake the feeling of doom that had begun to descend upon my heart. If the others felt as I did, they gave no sign. I felt myself grow weaker and weaker as the weeks passed. Soon I became discouraged and I saw the others around me were beginning to lose hope.

We had all but given into our despair when we arrived in a clearing a mile or so north of Godric's Hollow and got the first glimpse of our objective. The ruined castle, its fallen stones laying a jumble on the ground, still towered above us. From a distance to looked to be a fair sized ruin, with most of the building still intact. We breathed in air that had suddenly grown warm.

"Castle Gryffindor!" Lupin breathed in awe.

The ruins were bathed in a faint, white glow and for a moment I thought I saw not the ruin but the castle as it was; the walls pure white instead of dull gray, the light from it suffusing everything around it instead of the faint glow that huddled near the castle's walls.

Taking every precaution possible, we began to head toward it. We moved slowly at first and then faster until we were practically running into its warm and welcoming light. My heart was pounding in my chest and fear began to overwhelm me. I turned my eyes from the gray wall in front of me and looked back over my shoulder toward the woods from which we had just come. I saw to my horror that a large band of Seth-Ra's creatures was running toward us. Their numbers were so great that they looked like a sea of darkness drowning all light before them. My scar began to burn and I felt suddenly weaker than I had ever felt before. I grew dizzy, the world around me faded in and out. I pulled out Harry's wand and pointed it at them, readying the first spell that came to mind.

Set Serpens Mordre Eternus

--

It was not a spell that I was familiar with and I had no clue what it would do but I had to do something and fast or all would be lost. Through a haze of pain and fear I raised Harry's wand and began to speak the words that burned inside my head. Seth-Ra's creatures were upon us then and I heard the sound of an explosion nearby. This shattered my concentration and I looked around behind me in time to see a door open before me that had not been there a moment before. I called out to the others and they followed me through the open door, which slammed shut behind us. The pain in my scar grew for a moment worse and I felt myself slump to the floor. Before I lost consciousness completely though I saw a bright gold light and thought I heard a deep voice say, "Welcome my heir." Before I could reply, I fell into darkness.

* * *

Several hours later, I awoke on a makeshift pallet in a somewhat cold and drafty room. I felt extremely weak and slightly dazed. Had I really heard what I thought I had heard? I could hear the others talking quietly and smelled food cooking nearby. I raised myself from the floor and found that we were in a large oval room that was covered from floor to ceiling with a painted mural that ran the entire circumference of the room. There were candles in silver scones along the walls and a roaring fire in fireplace. It looked like we had reached our goal at last. Soon we would have the answer we sought, but I still wondered how we would get the information back to the others who waited for it. Would we get it back to them in time and why did I still feel as if someone or something was watching our every move. I lay back down to sleep some more with these questions in my head.

Sorry for the delay in posting this but I was busy reading Goblet of Fire and I couldn't think of anything else for several days after. I promise to post more regularly now. Coming soon~In His Memory Part

10: Battle of Wills. Please Read and Review and if you've forgotten the story feel free to read the rest of it first.

WeasleyTwin2

11. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Ten: Battle of Wills

By: WeasleyTwin2

If I could reach you

I'd guide you and teach you

To walk from the darkness

Back into the light

From the musical ****Jekyll and Hyde****

Have I fallen so far and is the hour too late

That nothing remains but to cry of my hateâ€|

From the musical ****Les Miserables****

**** ****

**** ****

"Masterâ€| they have reached the castle," said a leadened voice in a dull whisper. The pale, shadowy form bowed deeply before him though it floated about a foot from the floor.

Seth-Ra laughed his deep, evil laugh.

"Excellent! They will never return with whatever that seek. My minions will see to thatâ€|" he stared at the ghost that floated before him. "You are beginning to learn at last, my unwilling servant. It was such a pleasure to break you to my will. Yes such a joy to turn you to darkness, who was once so true to the light. To steal that light and set my darkness in it's place."

Trapped inside his own mind Harry Potter shivered, remembering the endless hours of pain and torture. The pain from the Cruciatus Curse was still running through him though he was uncertain how Seth-Ra had managed to cast it on a ghost. It should have been impossible to accomplish and yet it had been cast on him. The pain had been ten times worse then when Voldemort had cast it on him. It had sapped his will and left him with no hope at all in his heart. Ever since Seth-Ra's spell had imprisoned him here, he'd been seeking escapeâ€|but there seemed to be none. His body, such as it was, would no longer obey his will. There was another will had been set in its

place, one that obeyed only Seth-Ra and his commands, and try as he might Harry couldn't break through the spell that held his own spirit imprisoned. He was trapped within walls of pure darkness and no spell he'd attempted to cast had the power to break through it. He didn't have the strength to break it and with every failed attempt he felt the Living Darkness becoming more and more a part of him, driving his spirit farther and farther from his "body". He shivered again within his mental prison as he felt the Darkness rising within him, claiming still more of him. Seth-Ra's laughter echoed in his mind. Hopelessness and despair warred within him. This was the worse torture: to watch as he lead peopleâ€¦friendsâ€¦into the traps Seth-Ra had laid for them and to help drain them of all their powersâ€¦ and then their very lives. He'd been unable to stop himself and felt tainted by the evil that he'd become an unwilling part of. Harry began to cry, as he had before, and slammed into the dark walls of his mental prison trying to free himself once more. Feeble golden light began to glow around him and the Living Darkness rose to meet his attack. Harry struggled for some moments in silence, hopingâ€¦praying that this time he would succeed and break the spell holding him. It was not to beâ€¦the Living Darkness swallowed the feeble light that surrounded him and he was forced back into his prison as the Dark claimed still more of him. Seth-Ra's face smiled its familiar smile distracting him and the eyes of someone he once thought of as a friend turned cold.

"And yet, you will not tell me what they seek or where you've hidden your powers. If you wouldâ€¦things would go much easier for you."

Harry grinned, although that grin was more like a grimace. Seth-Ra would never be able to get the information he sought from Harry. Before he had left to rescue his parents, he had performed a Fidelius Charm on himself to hide that information from Seth-Ra forever in case he was captured. He would not and could not be made to betray the secret even under torture nor even in his bespelled state. Seth-Ra could never do anything to make Harry tell. His will and the spell would hold firm even unto "death". Seth-Ra descended from his throne and walked around Harry's ghost, studying him a moment. Then he came up behind Harry and grabbed him by his shoulders. A shudder moved through Harry and then familiar pain ran through his body: a burning, stabbing pain. He slumped to the floor, screaming as the curse ran through him, unable to stop himself. Seth-Ra grinned evilly, his eyes glinting as they gazed down upon Harry. Harry looked up at him through a haze of pain as the pain continued to course through him, defiance lighting his eyes for a moment. He rose unsteadily to his feet and floated there a moment pale and weak yet still resolute.

"You will tell me what I wish to know or your friends will die the most painful death I can deviseâ€¦" he paused for effect and then continued. "Yesâ€¦they will dieâ€¦and by the hand of one they trustâ€¦you will kill themâ€¦"

"NEVER!" said Harry weakly but still defiantly, swaying on the spot.

Harry could say nothing more for at that moment his bespelled self took over and replied, "Yes, Masterâ€¦Of course, Masterâ€¦they must all die."

Seth-Ra smiled his cruel smile and then said, "It's good to hear you say thatâ€|you are learning, Horus that wasâ€|Nowâ€|bow!"

Harry felt himself sink to the floor, obeying Seth-Ra's command without pause even as he struggled to remain upright.

"Fear notâ€|I will discover the truth soonâ€|You have not been fully broken yet, Horus that wasâ€|but you will beâ€|You will do my biddingâ€|your powers will be mine and you will kill them for meâ€|Think on thisâ€|they will fall and by your handâ€|this will be their punishment for defying me and yours as wellâ€|"

He swept from the room, his cloak of darkness billowing behind him. Harry tried to force himself to rise from his bowed position but his body remained unmoved. He cried again but no tears came to his eyes. There was no change in his situationâ€|

"And there will never beâ€|" he thought bitterly to himself, berating himself for the foolish move that had lead to his capture.

* * *

Hours later, Harry was still kneeling on the stone floor. His knees and back were stiff and the coldness that always seemed to pervade this room was seeping into his body. No one had come to tell him he could rise from his kneeling position on the floor and the room had gone absolutely pitch black. The darkness was impenetrable and it had settled around him like a cloak. He was alone in Seth-Ra's Living Darkness without benefit of the Light that had once been so much a part of him. Inwardly, he shuddered though he moved not at all. How long could he hold out before his spirit became warped by evil forever? His spirit began to fall under the cloud of despair that hung over him. There was no Light, no hope, noâ€|anythingâ€|anymore.

Seth-Ra had drained him of everything, leaving only enough behind to keep him very aware of what evil he was being forced to perform. This was the punishment that Seth-Ra had devised especially for him and him alone of all: to see his actions and not be able to prevent them, to see himself turned to darkness, to be a servant of the Night Bringer and Soul Stealer, to perform evil deeds that forever tainted his soul and to lose the Light that once shone bright within him. All because he'd so foolishly given his powers awayâ€|had granted them to anotherâ€|toâ€|

"NO! I will not tellâ€|I have made a promiseâ€|a sacred vowâ€|that cannot be brokenâ€|"

Harry trembled before blows that came from Seth-Ra's will though he could feel that Seth-Ra was currently miles awayâ€|no doubt laying a trap for someone. Harry's will struggled with Seth-Ra's own until it grew too weak to continue and Harry felt himself falling as if he'd been physically attacked.

"You foolish vow has gotten you nowhere, Horus that was."

Harry tried to lash out at the voice in his head with the powers he no longer carried and once more a weak, watery golden light glimmered around him but it was too weak to last for long. It slowly faded and when it disappeared completely, he felt despair settle heavier around

his heart, squeezing it like a vise. Seth-Ra's laugh echoed around the room and then slowly faded from hearing. There was no hope in Harry's heart now; it had died a slow and painful death. The part of him that still existed grew weaker and weaker as grief, despair and hopelessness battled with one another for the tattered remains of his spirit. He sunk deeper and deeper into the glum and darkness never to rise from it again. Lost forever.

* * *

Later, in the darkest part of the night just before dawn, a faint sound penetrated the glum that had settled like a great weight around Harry. Whether it was a noise from outside the room or within his own mind, he couldn't tell but he concentrated, searching for the source of the sound. The deep, impenetrable darkness around him had the power to muffle all things so he listened with all his power. He closed his eyes to concentrate better and was at long last rewarded for his effort. The noise became crystal clear for a moment and he recognized the soft chanting he'd heard when he had first awakened to find the Light and Dark battling for his spirit—but the Darkness had driven the Light away—or had it?

The chant of the Light rose and fell around him and he strained his ears trying to make out the words carried by the invisible singers. He listened with his whole heart and being, kneeling on the cold, stone floor in the dark, a part of the Greater Darkness. Slowly, the voices became even clearer than before: several men and women in chorus and above them—their voices soaring in bell-like tones—two voices: a rich alto and tenor. The two voices were familiar to him—so familiar—but their names evaded him.

Harry tried to make out the words of their chant, surrounding himself with the song, immersing himself in it. The chant rose and fell around him, surrounding him in warmth almost like a blanket. It felt exactly like someone was calling to him from a great distance. He strained against the spell, which held him bound to the Darkness, but though he strained against it, it remained the stronger of the two. Harry fell back into the darkness, weaker and more discouraged than before.

"I can't break free—no power left—no reason for hope—no light—sorry—so sorry—I can't—don't ask me to—so sorry."

His head slumped forward and tears ran down his face. He had begun to sink back into the darkness when the chant around him grew stronger. Desperately, he began to search the song again for its words. He strained his ears again but only one word became clear to him, sung by the two soaring voices: "Hope—" He felt a small spark of Light pierce the Darkness within his spirit and for a moment it shone feebly in that deep darkness. Then it grew steadier and stronger, golden white and glimmering. The Light was very small—the tiny flame a mere pinprick in the Greater Darkness—but it was strong and it spread its Light before it into the dark world that Harry had become a part of. It had the will to survive and thrive in this present Darkness and, one day, it would burst free. Light and hope had reentered Harry's dark and despairing world.

"Maybe all is not lost—maybe I can still win free of Seth-Ra's power," he thought as excitement moved through him in a wave. He

watched the flickering flame as he had once watched his mother's spirit. Surely this light, like his mother's spirit before it, would lead him out of this Darkness and back into the Lightâ€| maybe not right awayâ€|but surely it would lead him to freedom. His mood lightened and he grinned though no one could see it. Hope had been restored within his heart and from this moment on there was nothing that Seth-Ra could say or do that would cause him to lose it again. The flame grew stronger and strongerâ€|driving away the Darkness before it.

"Freedomâ€|"

He kneeled quietly and waited for the time of testing to begin.

Wellâ€|I'm back from vacation! Sorry this took so long to post. I had hoped to post this part before I left but things being the way they are when you are getting things ready for vacationâ€| Anyway here it is finally. Please read and when you've finished review it too. It would make me happy. ****In His Memory Part 11**** will be titled ****Set(h) â€"vs- Osiri(u)s.**** I hope to have it up in the next few days.

WeasleyTwin2

12. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part Eleven: Set(h) vs. Osiri(u)s

By: WeasleyTwin2

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the horror of the shade,

And yet the menace of the years

Finds, and shall find me, unafraid:

****Invictus**

> **** William Ernest Henley**

'tis true we are in Great Danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.

_ **** Henry V****

**** ** William Shakespeare**

"Here begins the story of Osiris and his great battle against Set Beloved of Ra," I slowly translated from the first panel of the mural that towered several feet over our heads.

The pictures in the mural moved as all wizard-crafted pictures did.

This panel of the mural depicted an army of Darkness, surrounded by a dark glowing nimbus, being lead toward a gleaming city of Light. Luckily for us the words, written in hieroglyphics and shimmering golden in the light of the surrounding torches, were located at the bottom of each mural rather than near the top. If they had been at the top we could never have read them at all. I felt weak again and swayed on the spot, my head suddenly pounding and my scar suddenly flaring with pain. I tried desperately to shield my mind from the whispered demands that were assailing it. Seth-Ra was gaining power rapidly, I could feel it and we tried not to think of how this might be occurring, tried not to think of how many people had already died. He was trying to turn me and it was becoming more and more difficult for me to resist his demands. Only by holding on to my promise was I able to resist at all. The memory of Harry's pain filled eyes as they bore into my own as he uttered his last word "Promise" was still strong enough to hold me to the promise I'd made to myself the night of his death. Between Seth-Ra's hissing voice and the chanting that was coming from all around us, I'd begun to feel as if I was standing on the edge of a precipice and that, with one flick of his finger, Seth-Ra could send me careening into the Darkness I had so recently escaped and that still threatened to swallow me.

Seth-Ra's minions had by now surrounded Castle Gryffindor's ruins and they had erected a magical barrier that none of us had been able to break through, not even with our combined power. They prowled about outside it, chanting their song of death and doom, which echoed weirdly off the castle's walls. Remus and Sirius were looking for possible secret exits that might allow us to leave unseen. We had said goodbye to them several hours ago after they had discovered a hidden passageway in the wall opposite the entrance to the Mural Room. Ron, Hermione and I were busy translating the writing on the murals. Remus had said it would be best if we three stayed together and I secretly agreed, mainly because I was feeling too weak and dizzy to walk very far. Curiously I, who had never before shown any capacity for runes or ancient languages of any sort, was able to read the symbols with ease and accuracy, almost as if I'd been able to do so all my life. This surprised my companions but they agreed to write down what I read to them. I somehow knew, without understanding how I knew, that these murals and the story they told held the key to our salvation. They would tell us how to defeat Seth-Ra, not just temporarily, but for all time. The answer was here somewhere but, as much as I wanted to skip to the end of the story, I somehow knew that we should not skip a panel. There could be a clue, a piece of this puzzle hidden anywhere along this wall of moving pictures and shimmering symbols. I reached out my hand and willed the chanting and the distant voices in my head to stop. I closed my eyes and concentrated. Soon every sound around me fell silent. I found myself in a trance-like state and then it happened. Almost as soon as my hand touched the mural, I felt it begin to tingle and hard upon this tingling came a vision. I could hear myself speaking to the others but it was not my own voice that was speaking, but one that was deeper and more powerful than my own. I then became so wrapped in the vision I was seeing that I could no longer hear what I was saying to the others and the circular room vanished. I had become a part of the vision before me.

I saw the golden sands of a desert, stretching as far as I could see in all directions. The heat caused the air all around me to shimmer yet I, myself, felt no heat rising from it. Marching across these sands, with rapid strides, came Seth-Ra at the head of an army of the

same creatures, Serpens-Animus, that I had seen surrounding us at Castle Gryffindor. I looked around me and saw some nomads laying as if in wait for an ambush. The sun was blazing hot overhead although I felt nothing: no heat, no weakness, no pain. The nomads suddenly leapt from their places of concealment, discovering too late that it was an entire army, cloaked in shadow that was before them, not the usual drunken soldier or stray merchant. They attempted to flee the army but even I knew it would be no use. Seth-Ra pointed a finger at them and they froze where they stood, fear shining in their eyes. Then he clenched his fist and they tumbled to the ground, writhing in agony. For several minutes their screams echoed into the desert air then, with a slashing movement from Seth-Ra, their screams were cut off and they lay motionless on the sand in front of me. I stumbled backward and cried out unable to help myself. The bodies before me had changedâ€|were no longer human. They had changed in a matter of seconds into more of Seth-Ra's twisted creatures.

They joined the army of Darkness as it passed them, marching toward a city I could just make out in the distance. The city glowed with a bright magical light that seemed to be calling to me, drawing me to it like a moth to a flame. I moved toward it, floating and invisible, in the wake of Seth-Ra's army. Finally I reached its stone walls, bright white in the sun's light. Looking back I could see Seth-Ra's army moving across the desert, like a dark stain. There was a nimbus of dark light glowing around it that seemed to swallow the sun's light. It radiated from the chariot, driven by two shining black creatures with red glowing eyes, in which Seth-Ra rode. I watched the Army move closer and closer to the walled city. The sunlight began to dim and I looked up to see an impenetrable patch of Darkness, like a dark cloud, moving across the sky at the edge of the Army. Soon it was black as night, though it was only a little past noon. I heard people within the walled city scream in fear as the Darkness descended upon them. I couldn't help shivering myself. It looked all too familiar to me. I heard a chant rising and falling around me in low tones. It sang of Darkness and Despairâ€|there was no answering chant from within the city.

Seth-Ra's army marched until they reached the city's front gates, a pair of bronze and wood doors, engraved with a crest: a rampant lion, surmounted by a falcon with a sunburst behind it. Though the crest was more stylized and though the sunburst was no longer a part of the one I had recently seen, I had no trouble recognizing the Potter family crest.

"So this is where it all beganâ€|" I thought in awe.

Not even my own family's lineage went back this far. The Malfoy's may have been an old wizarding family but the Pottersâ€|.it was hard to comprehend. My grief returned as I remembered that in my own time the family that had existed for centuries in unbroken succession was now gone forever. I tried to push this thought and the images it called up aside but somehow I couldn't. I floated there, staring at the symbols on the gate as if transfixed, with tears running down my face. I reached out a hand to touch the crest on the gate and the gate suddenly swung open of its own accord. Through the gate marched an army clad in scarlet and gold. At the head of this army was a chariot of purest silver studded with rubies pulled by two blazing white horses that had wings. File upon file passed through the gate, then the gates were closed with a resounding boom that echoed into the spell-enforced night and I heard a bolt slide home. The two

armies now stood facing each other with several feet separating them. They glared at one another but a profound silence seemed to hang in the air. Several minutes passed in almost absolute silence, except for the rattle of harness.

It was the wizard in scarlet and gold that spoke first in a melodious and deep voice.

"YOU CANNOT COME FARTHER. I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO PASS!" he said in a voice that was calm.

I floated closer to the silver chariot to get a better look at the wizard who was speaking. He was a young man—very young, with a thatch of dark hair and bright hazel eyes. His magic glowed, creating a halo of bright light around him. He was very powerful. Though he looked much younger than his portrait, I recognized him as one of the four Hogwarts founders: Godric Gryffindor.

"WHO ARE YOU TO STOP ME! YOU DARE TO DEFY MY WILL. YOU AND YOURS WILL PAY FOR THIS INSOLENCE!"

Seth-Ra's army began to throw taunts and insults at the army before them, who stood calmly not saying a word in response to the taunts that were thrown. I was amazed at their calmness and at their ability not to retort. I had thought of several things to shout back at them but Osiris's army remained impassive. Seth-Ra waited expectantly, unmoving on his chariot and shrouded in Darkness. The taunts and jeers stopped as soon as his creatures realized that the enemy before them was not going to respond in the way their other foes had.

"YOU CANNOT PASS, SET BELOVED OF RA. I WILL NOT ALLOW IT. YOU HAVE SLAIN TO MANY ALREADY. IT ENDS HERE AND NOW, MY BROTHER WHO HAS BEEN BANISHED FOREVER FROM THE SUN'S LIGHT."

"YOU SHALL REGRET THE DAY YOU STOOD AGAINST ME—BROTHER!"

Seth-Ra lifted his hand and I saw within it a serpent wand glowing with Dark magic. He pointed this wand at Osiris. A jet of Darkness flowed from the wand and propelled itself through the still air straight at Osiris' heart. Osiris stood within his chariot, calmly surveying the bolt of dark energy that would surely mean his death. I wanted to shout out a warning, wanted to leap in front of the dark bolt but, as I watched the bolt streak closer, I noticed that it was growing weaker and weaker until it dissolved in a shower of green sparks and smoke mere inches from Osiris' heart.

"MY LIGHT SHALL FOREVER BE STRONGER THEN YOUR DARKNESS."

Osiris held up a silver amulet covered with many runes and symbols that were unfamiliar to me. It was shaped like the Egyptian symbol for life: an ankh. It glowed with Light magic and I felt the power within me vibrate in response to the power, which pulsed from the amulet. I looked out across the space between the two armies and saw, by the power that glowed around it, that Seth-Ra also carried an amulet. His glowed with a Dark power I recognized at once. The amulet pulled at me, called to me as if it had a physical voice. It sang a song of death and painful suffering. It was a song I knew well, for I had heard it in my own time. The chant was being sung when and where my body was. I could still make out its faint echo as the sound of it traveled across time. I willed my mind to block out the chant and its

faint but unmistakable echo. I shivered as the chant washed over where the army of Osiris waited. They stood, unmoving and silent while the wave washed over them. Seth-Ra glared across the space between the two armies but he too remained unmoving. His amulet pulsed once, twice, and thrice and several of Osiris' soldiers fell screaming before turning to piles of ash as they did so. The amulet was a powerful relic of Dark magic.

"Very powerfulâ€¦" I thought to myself as I studied it from a distance. "I wonder if he still carries itâ€¦"

As I studied it, the amulet pulsed with Dark energy again and more of Osiris' soldiers fell. I shuddered and tried not to listen to the screams I heard. I narrowed my eyes and took a closer look at the amulet.

There were many spells woven into it, though from this distance I was unsure of exactly how many. All I could tell for sure was that they were all Dark magic meant to kill, destroy and subvert. The spell Seth-Ra was using at the moment was a variation on the Avada Kadavra Curse that I knew from my own time. I tried desperately to discern any of the other spells that were stored in the amulet, thinking that if I could figure out what the spells were maybe we'd have a hope of defending against them. I was unable to discover any more of the spellsâ€¦there were too many layers and they were too different from Dark spells familiar to me.

I nearly cried out in frustration but then I noticed that a bright glow was beginning to surround Osiris and his army. It was coming from the silver amulet that was around his neck. I studied the amulet and the light coming from it, transfixed by the light. This amulet was easily the single most powerful magical artifact I had ever seen, more powerful even than Gryffindor's swordâ€¦and the Light that was streaming from it in broad bands was purer than any light I had ever seen and blinding in its intensity. I could feel it pulsing to time with my heartbeat and Harry's powers rang in response. For a moment the powers within me and the power held within the amulet vibrated like twin poles of power and I could hear a faint chantingâ€¦singing of hope and Light. After that moment, I snapped back into the present and I could hear shouts coming from the direction of Seth-Ra's army and then, over the shouting and screams of an invisible battle around me I could hear the chanting again though I could no longer understand the words. The light grew brighter and stronger until I was completely blinded by it. The last thing I remember hearing was a female voice

"Seek out the Chamber withinâ€¦that glows with living Lightâ€¦ the map and the book shall guide you thereâ€¦"

Then everything around me receded into darkness and I felt as if I was fallingâ€¦

* * *

My head was pounding as if a thousand people were hammering inside my skull. I was lying on the floor with a pillow under my head. I winced and opened my eyes, moaning softly. I looked up and saw that we had reached the very last panel in the room opposite from the one where we'd begun. In the wavering light cast by the nearby candles, I saw Osiris in battle with Seth-Ra. I watched with rapt attention,

realizing that Osiris was trying to show me something. I watched but did not touch the mural. I had no strength with which to make the journey to the past again, though I suddenly longed to be able to. As if from a great distance, I could hear the soft chanting again and a faint female voice saying: "the Sourceâ€|power withinâ€|the Heirsâ€|"

I had no idea what the voice meant and wasn't entirely sure I had heard correctly. I blinked and saw Osiris vanquishing Seth-Ra in a flash of brilliant light and color. The light blinded me and made it impossible for me to see exactly how it had been done. The panel repeated the performance several times. By watching it closely, I discovered that Osiris had performed a very advanced form of the banishing spell I knew but I was unable to see the words he had spoken. Whatever they were, they sent Seth-Ra awayâ€|entombing him until my own time. The spell should have lead to his demise butâ€|

I sat watching the mural's final panel again.

"What went wrong with the spell? It should have killed Seth-Ra?"

I sat deep in thought for several minutes, trying to figure out why the spell had failed. I was watching the mural without really seeing it, concentrating on my thoughts. Then I remembered something Harry had told me when we were searching for clues in the library. The Avada Kadavra Curse that had rebounded upon Voldemort had failed to kill him, though it should have, because he used so many anti-death spells to guard himâ€|

"Could Seth-Ra have used similar spells in ancient times?" I wondered.

Something in the mural drew my attention away from my musings. I noticed, for the first time, that a shadowy figure was hovering a few feet above Seth-Ra for the entire sequence of events on the mural's last panel. Watching carefully, my whole attention focusing on this shadowy form, I saw Seth-Ra's spirit leave his body seconds before it was blasted by the spell that banished it. That body died the moment Seth-Ra's spirit left it and his spirit joined with that coiled, shadowy form. It moved away from the battle to a tomb in the distance which was then sealed by Osiris with ritual and ceremonyâ€|for he had seen what Seth-Ra did and had followed. The Greatest Evil the world had known was imprisoned forever.

"Until the seals were brokenâ€|"

I lay on my pallet, staring up at the ceiling, watching the stars twinkle above me (for the first time noticing that this ceiling, like the one in the Great Hall at Hogwarts, was enchanted to look like the sky outside). A new sense of urgency flooded through me and I wondered how the others faired at Hogwarts. Was the castle still besieged? Had Bill and the twins made it to Hogwarts in safety? Would Lupin and Sirius find a way out of here? When would they return? I was just beginning to drift off again when I heard the voice from the vision again.

"Only through the Heirs and the Amulet can the Greatest Evil be vanquished. It is time to reveal that which has been hidden for centuriesâ€|"

My eyes snapped open and I sat up and saw a spirit floating before me. She was lovely and had long, dark hair. She was dressed as an Egyptian witch in a long white pleated robe, and she had an amulet around her neck. She stretched out a hand to me.

"Come!"

I found myself lifted to my feet. She smiled at me and pointed to my pack.

"What you need is there the Amulet of Osiris, now called Gryffindor, must be restored to his Heirs. You must find it now before it is too late."

The spirit began to fade away and the voice to falter.

"How will I know when I've found it?" I asked not wanting her to leave me.

"Power will call to power you will know."

She began to fade away still more.

"Wait!" I called softly.

"Dark times ahead but in the darkness shines the Light great sorrow and great happiness a willing sacrifice a new life."

The spirit faded completely then. I stood staring at the spot where she had floated moments before. Finally I sat back down and rummaged through my pack coming up with the book and the piece of parchment I had taken for Harry's room. Scrawling a hasty note on another piece of parchment, I shouldered my pack and left the Mural Room, hoping that I would be able to locate the Amulet before Lupin and Sirius returned.

A/N: Well, you've finished Part 11. Sorry this took so long but I had a really bad case of writer's block and couldn't seem to write anything good. Part 12 will be called Mischief Managed and will feature Remus and Sirius. It ties in with the plot I promise. Anyway the usual disclaimers apply and I only own Seth-Ra and the plot. Please R/R. Thank You.

WeasleyTwin2

13. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory:

In His Memory:

Part 12: Moony and Padfoot

What's the use of living if you never learn to laugh?

Look at me, I grew up down among the riff and raff

_But you won't catch me glooming 'round without a hint of

smile_

And when I have to do a thing, I do it right, with style

--

****Philosophy****__

**** **Mercedes Lackey**

--

I solemnly swear that I am up to no good

--

_ _Words to activate the Marauder's Map

_ _****Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban****_ _

--

The light from their wands bounced off the stone walls of the passage, casting strange shadows on the rough stone walls around Remus and Sirius. Keeping an eye out for dead ends, rubble and other obstacles, they made their way down the dark corridor they had discovered behind a fireplace in Castle Gryffindor's Great Hall. The passage was stuffy and dusty and the air smelled stale. There was no breeze and the passage lay cloaked in deep silence. The dust on the floor proved that no one had been in this passage for years, not even animals. It was as empty as a tomb and about as inviting as one too.

"Try not to think of thatâ€¦" though Remus.

They must have been the first people to set foot here in perhaps thousands of years.

Sirius felt quite at home in dark tunnels for he had spent most of his life either exploring them with his school friends or else hiding from the Ministry in them during his years on the run. His eyes were bright and had the glint of adventure in them. Tunnels reminded him of safety and security and he felt as if nothing could ever harm him or touch him while he was in one. Remus, on the other hand, hated tunnels with a passion. He had always been and continued to be slightly claustrophobic and tunnels only reminded him of his curse and of a prison. He'd spent too many years hiding in tunnels during full moons to feel anything but loathing for them now. It was only in memory of the explorations they had made as children and the fact that they needed to get the information they carried back to Hogwarts by the safest and quickest path and because they needed to get passed the magical barrier that had been set around the castle that Remus had followed Sirius at all.

They held their wands high over their heads and walked forward in silence, the only sound was the soft rustling of their robes and their quiet footfalls. They walked side-by-side, Sirius' eyes trying to pierce the darkness at the edge of the wand light, Remus listening and occasionally sniffing the air around them. After several minutes of traveling in silence, Sirius said, his eyes bright with something

that looked like tears, " Remember the time we got lost in that tunnel under Hogwarts?"

Remus grinned at the memory. The four of them had been on a "nightly stroll of the castle" in their fifth year and had become hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of tunnels that meet under Hogwarts.

"I rememberâ€¦you were the one who got us lost," Remus laughed softly. "You and Peter were walking behind us arguing about which way was the way out. How we got out of that one without getting caught I'll never know."

"It was James' unerring sense of direction that got us out. He always knew which way to go," Sirius laughed too, his eyes sparkling in the wand light. "He was always ready for some new mischief and always ready to lend a hand. This journey has reminded me of the old daysâ€¦Sometimes I wishâ€¦things hadn't changed. That James, Lily, Harry and Peter were still here."

"Not a day goes by that I don't think of them," said Remus, his voice full of emotion.

They both lapsed into silence again, remembering that adventure and two of their lost childhood friends. They had wandered farther than usual that night for some reason, leaving behind all the familiar passages and some they were almost completely lost. They had stopped in a large, cavernous room several hours later to rest and to try to think of how to get back to Hogwarts. Peter had begun to panic as they had an exam first thing after breakfast, which was, but two hours away. Finally, James had declared that he knew the way back and they had followed him as he retraced the path they had taken. After about an hour and a half, they found themselves back in familiar territory and they were able to return to their dormitory without mishap under James' Invisibility Cloak. By lunchtime that day, they had decided that it had been a great adventure, perhaps their greatest yet. They had gone back later to explore that tunnel more fully and as far as they dared go, leaving their initials to mark the farthest cavern they had explored, a cavern full of softly glowing crystals that had shimmered in their wand light, and a date: June 23, 1976.

Sirius and Remus continued to walk, each wrapped in their own thoughts, their own memories of happier times, the time before their world had come crashing down around them. They didn't notice that hours had passed. The tunnel seemed to stretch on before them. It beckoned to them and they followed its call. They began at last to grow weary and they paused to rest on some flat stones next to a small cave-like opening in the wall to their left. They looked at their watches and were shocked to discover that two hours had passed.

"Maybe we should turn back," suggested Sirius. " The others will wonder where we've got to."

Remus started to agree when he felt something prompting him to go on. It was as if someone were nudging him onward. He felt for sometime, since entering Castle Gryffindor in fact, that they were being watched. He sniffed the stale air and a familiar scent came to him, but he could not place it. Finally, after a moment of reflection, he said, "No, I think we should move on. The others know we may be gone

awhile and Draco could use the rest."

"He doesn't look well, does he?"

"No and I'm not sure whyâ€¦ He acting as if he can feel Seth-Ra and his magic and he's been having visions. He seems to be in a great deal of pain most of the time, though he says nothing of it."

Sirius nodded and Remus knew that he'd been watching Draco as well.

"I wonder why Harryâ€¦?" Remus began.

Sirius shrugged and Remus saw the glint of adventure in his haunted and shadowed eyes. He smiled and nodded, remembering that gleam all to well. They rested for several minutes more, eating a little and stretching tired muscles before continuing down the passage. Half an hour later found them several miles farther down the passage with new energy in their step. Several more minutes passed before they came to an area where four passages intersected. Sirius performed the Four Point spell to determine which passage of the four would take them in the direction nearest Hogwarts and freedom.

"West is the only wayâ€¦ Hogwarts is west of here," he muttered to himself, looking to Remus for confirmation.

Remus nodded, not caring as long as they kept moving and found some way out of the stifling tunnel that was beginning to close in on him. He shivered again. He was still having the feeling that they were being watched, but whoever was watching was invisible and did not have a scent. Remus looked carefully around him but he could sense nothing. Sirius, meanwhile, took the left hand passage, headed west. Remus followed wondering where they were headed and whether or not Sirius really knew what he was doing.

"Hope we find the way out soonâ€¦" Remus thought.

They had traveled down the westward passage for several minutes with the walls around them becoming rougher and more natural, when Remus felt something cold brush his shoulder, making him feel like someone had poured ice cold water on it. Encounters with ghosts had always made him feel like that in the past. Whatever was watching them had to be a ghost then.

"I wonder if Seth-Ra has ghosts in his serviceâ€¦" Remus shivered, thinking of the kinds of ghosts Seth-Ra might employ.

Whatever this spirit was, it wasn't attempting to block their progress so it was probably nothing more than a curious spirit. He decided to reserve judgment until he'd actually seen the ghost in question.

"If I ever do."

Sirius continued down the passage, which was dimly lit by their wands, as if nothing concerned him. Yet, he was beginning to get worried. He wouldn't let Remus know this but he was beginning to think he was lost in this maze of caverns. He felt as if he had lost his way yet again, like he'd taken the wrong path always in his life. Ever since his name had been cleared he'd been fighting to prove that

he was innocent to others. Most people still felt that he was guilty of the crimes he'd be imprisoned for and that he'd somehow gotten off. Sirius really couldn't blame them for their attitude but their distrustful stares and muttered comments still hurt. Having true friends at his side had been a great help to him but now most of them were dead and gone. Things had not been the same since Voldemort's riseâ€|since Harry's death. Harry had always been a light in Sirius' dark world and when he died it was as if the sun had been extinguished. He shook his head, trying to clear it of the painful memories it held but they floated to the surface anyway. He saw again the flag draped casketâ€|the procession across the battle ravages Hogwart's groundsâ€|the people in somber blackâ€|their heads bowedâ€|the quiet sobs of the mourner and his own tears hot on his cheeksâ€|

"Stop itâ€|stop beating yourself upâ€|there was nothing you could doâ€|you knew he might die in that battleâ€|Remember what he told youâ€|_you were like the father I never hadâ€|I'll always remember that no matter what happensâ€|"_

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An hour later, the pair were still wandering the tunnels and had come to a fork in the western path.

"We're lost aren't weâ€|" Remus said in a voice laced with exhaustion.

"No!" Sirius replied then, seeing Remus flinch at the tone of his voice, he added, "Hang on a minute.

Sirius studied the two openings before them. He closed his eyes and thought hard. Finally, he opened his eyes and chose the right hand one. They had traveled down this passage for several minutes when it opened onto a cavern that glowed with a soft light that came from crystals and other gems embedded in the walls of the chamber. Their mouths fell open in amazement.

"The Crystal Chamber!" they said, awe coloring their voices.

They had, by some good fortune hit upon the correct series of passages that would lead them straight back to Hogwarts, and one that would take them along paths they knew well. Their wand light bounced off the nearest crystals, which cast a faint light into the room. It also picked out four sets of initials and a dateâ€|June 24, 1976.

Well things are moving nicely nowâ€|I have several more chapters of this written and if I'm lucky I'll be able to post them in the coming weeks. Thank you for reading and if you don't mind please take the time to review. Part 13 will be calledâ€|Hogwarts Embattled.

WeasleyTwin2

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 13: Hogwarts Embattled

By WeasleyTwin2

##

I've spent too many nights lookin' over my shoulder

And the ways of the world make a heart grow colder

I got nowhere left to hide

The fight in me has died

So I must wait for the sunrise

Wait for the Sunrise

Richard Marx

Stillness

Darkness

Can't see a thing, says I

No reflection

_Not a shadow _

Not a glint of light

Meets the eyeâ€|

_ _ **No Moon**

** **From the musical:** Titanic**

** **

Severus Snape walked down the darkened corridor, listening to the silence that was broken only by the faint sounds of chanting coming from behind the closed door of Professor McGonagall's office nearby. He knew he should be with the chanters who were fighting to call back the spirit of Harry Potter from the darkness and back to the light but Severus had felt restless and jumpy all day. He would join them later when his own spirit had settled down.

"Something is wrongâ€|something is out of balanceâ€|" he thought as he restlessly paced the halls of Hogwarts.

Things had been growing stranger ever since the appearance of the army of Seth-Ra at the gates of Hogwarts three weeks past. Snape's mind wandered back to a year ago and another army that had surrounded the school then. His leg throbbed with remembered pain and he began to limp slightly. The wound he'd received in that battle still pained

him even after all the time that had passed. He'd been too stubborn to get it healed until it was nearly too late to save the leg. He stopped his pacing, going into an empty classroom to sit down a moment while he massaged his leg along the deep and jagged scar that ran almost its entire length. He stretched the leg and rotated it for a moment, lost in thought.

"Something is not rightâ€¦ Why attack now? Why one year to the day that Voldemort's army had appeared? Was it symbolic of something?"

Snape rose and left the classroom, still pondering these questions, questions he had no answers to. He walked down the hall and down several flights of stairs to the Great Hall, which had been set up as a war room by Professor McGonagall in the last several weeks. There was no one there at the moment and he needed some peace. All the others were either chanting the counter charm to the one holding Harry's spirit prisoner or else they were watching the army, which was milling outside the gates from the roof of the castle. Severus shivered, feeling Seth-Ra's presence very near even though it was not possible for him to be inside Hogwarts itself yet. Still the Dark Magic was calling to him once more as it had in the past. He could hear Seth-Ra's hissing voice just outside his shields and he felt Dark Magic beat against his now fragile shields he'd erected around himself since he'd left the services of Voldemort as a Death Eater.

Now that Voldemort was gone He'd thought there would be nothing more to fear so he had allowed his shields to weaken over the past months. He was only now beginning to realize how wrong this decision was. He could feel Seth-Ra calling to him, attempting to take him over with a curse stronger and more ancient than the Imperius curse he was familiar with. It was taking most of his energy and power just to fight off the curse yet he now knew that must use some of that power to strengthen his weakened shields before it was too lateâ€¦ before he would be forced to return to the Darkness from which he'd escaped. He sat down on the raised platform where the teacher sat at meals and closed his eyes, willing his heart to still its wild beating. He concentrated all of his will on his shields, on making them as strong as the mountains that surrounded Hogwarts. He felt the press of Seth-Ra's will lessen in an instant and he felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He relaxed the muscles in his neck that he hadn't realized were stiff and began to feel calmer than he had in days.

Quite suddenly he felt as if someone was watching him. He left his eyes closed and listened carefully for the tell tale footfalls that would let him know who had disturbed his musings. There was the sound of footsteps out in the Entrance Hall but not a sound disturbed the quiet of the empty Great Hall. Then he felt something icy grip his shoulder and his eyes snapped open. Harry Potter's ghost floated before him, one ghostly hand on his shoulder, and a look of pure and utter malevolence on his face. It was an evil look that did not suit his face at all and one that he had never worn in his life. Harry began to drag Snape across the room to the door that led to the Entrance Hall while Snape struggled to free himself from Harry's ghostly grasp.

"Noâ€¦ I will not join youâ€¦ I. Will. Not!" thought Snape fiercely, as he struggled with Harry.

Harry pulled harder and slapped Severus hard across the face, nearly knocking him out. Momentarily stunned, he felt himself being dragged across the floor as if he weighed nothing at all. Struggling to keep conscience, Snape attempted to once again pull free of Harry's grasp. Once more he failed and Harry continued to drag him across the room toward the door. Just as they had almost reached it Severus hit upon a different tactic.

"Harryâ€¦You don't want to do this," he said through gritted teeth, as a wave of sickening pain washed over him.

Harry's bright green eyes flashed behind his glasses and for a brief instant Snape was sure he saw the real Harry Potter trapped within the servant's eyes, struggling against the spell binding him to Seth-Ra's service.

"You don't want to do thisâ€¦" he repeated, putting all the magical power he possessed at that moment into his words, willing the true Harry to come to the surface.

Harry's eyes narrowed and glowed with a red light for a moment and he began to drag Snape out the door. Snape knew he had only a few moments left before he too would disappear into Seth-Ra's Darkness. Desperately he tried one last time to call Harry's true self to the surface.

"You don't have to obey him." Severus' voice said softly, persuasively.

Harry stopped dragging him, standing half in the Great Hall and half in the hall outside the room. Snape seized his chance and pulled his arm free of Harry's grasp.

"Helpâ€¦meâ€¦Freeâ€¦meâ€¦" Harry spoke in a faint, desolate whisper. His hand was outstretched and he seemed to be asking for aid or comfort.

"We're doing all we can to free youâ€¦Hang onâ€¦" Severus said, looking into Harry's pleading eyes, full of pain and desperation and something that it took Snape a moment to identifyâ€¦despair.

Harry nodded slightly and swayed on his feet. Snape saw him struggling to force the next words out.

"Seth-Raâ€¦bewareâ€¦friendâ€¦Greatest Evilâ€¦so nearâ€¦warnâ€¦in castleâ€¦must fightâ€¦"

Bewareâ€¦Seth-Raâ€¦isâ€¦"

But just as Harry was about to say who Seth-Ra was, he began to scream in pain as a white-hot fire surrounded him. Harry was still trying to say who Seth-Ra was but Snape who was busy trying to counter the spell only catch part of what Harry was trying to say. He couldn't make out all of it through the flames and the roaring noise of them made it impossible for Severus to hear what he'd said. There was a scream unlike any Snape had ever hear in his life and then Harry disappeared in a column of white-hot fire.

"No!!!" Snape stretched out his wand to call the ghost back but it was too late.

"No!"

He ran from the Great Hall as if Seth-Ra, himself, was after him and skidded around a corner, running into someone who was standing there alone. It was Bill Weasley, who looked at Snape with concern.

"Professorâ€¦what has happenedâ€¦is everything okay?" Bill asked as he stuffed something under the neck of his robes.

Snape paused a moment to catch his breath and then said, "I need to get back to McGonagall's office is allâ€¦they sent me to the Great Hall for something and I stayed longer then I intended, resting this leg of mine. Must have dosed offâ€¦the others are waiting for meâ€¦excuse me.

Bill nodded in understanding, moved to let Snape pass and then continued walking toward the Great Hall. Severus continued on his way again to McGonagall's office but at a walk so as not to arouse farther questions. Almost immediately, he felt eyes watching him as he turned the corner. He shivered in the suddenly chilled air. The feeling of evil was back again and Severus thought he heard the Dark chant being spoken by someone quite close by. He began to walk faster still. Though he still would not run.

"I need to warn the others quicklyâ€¦"

As soon as Snape rounded the corner he broke into a run again, a sense of urgency overcoming his sense of caution. He ran down the long corridor, the suits of armor flashing passed in what seemed to be the blink of an eye, through a hidden door and then up two flights of stairs. Ten minutes later he burst through the door to McGonagall's office and stood framed in it, panting for breath and holding his side where there was a stitch. Everyone in the circle before him was startled by his sudden entrance and had stopped chanting the spell. They looked up at him, puzzlement in their eyes.

"What is it Severus?" said McGonagall sternly, as if Snape was an unruly student.

"Leave him be for a moment, Minerva. Let him catch his breath first then he can tell us," said the quiet voice of Lily Potter, who was floating several feet off the floor.

Severus, who was still trying to catch his breath, gave her a look of gratitude and Lily smiled back. Professors Sinistra and Flitwick moved out of the circle to help Severus to a chair but he waved them away impatiently. After a few moments had passed he was at last able to speak.

"I saw Harryâ€¦in the castleâ€¦He tried to take meâ€¦" Snape paused to take another breath before continuing. "I was able to persuade him to release me. It seems that our counter curse is working."

Snape paused again as the others grinned at each other. He wished he didn't have to tell them what had happened after the curse seemed

lifted. He saw Lily's eyes shining with happiness and he shook his head sadly.

"Whyâ€|? Why must it always be me that must be the bearer of so much bad news?" he thought to himself as he sighed heavily and began to tell them what had happened.

Everyone's faces went white and Lily let out a small scream and lend against James for comfort. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close.

"It will be alrightâ€|" he murmured to her as he ran his fingers through her hair.

"Before he disappeared he was trying to warn me about Seth-Ra," continued Severus. " He was trying to say who it was even as I watched the flames consume him. I didn't catch the name thoughâ€|not enough to help us in finding this "friend".

"That would be just like himâ€|striving to warn you of dangers even at the cost of his own life," James said solemnly.

Snape thought back to Harry's fifth year and how he'd been captured and tortured by Death Eaters. He'd barely survived that time and had almost died giving Dumbledore vital information about their plans and stronghold.

"Harry told me that Seth-Ra may have infiltrated Hogwarts already and that he may be wearing the guise of a friend."

Everyone looked at one another and McGonagall nodded as if she knew something the others didn't.

"How are we to find this 'friend'?"

"He didn't sayâ€|Harry only said that Seth-Ra was here and I have felt a dark presence in this castle for some time nowâ€|even before Seth-Ra's army arrived here. He is calling to me, trying to draw back into the Darkness. I've been fighting it and have only just managed to resist the call. Itâ€|is much stronger than Voldemort's Mark."

The others nodded in understanding.

"He must be within these walls but I'm not sure where and we have very little time to search the few clues we have." Snape held each of their eyes.

"The others may bring more helpâ€|if they can find theâ€|" began James.

"I wouldn't count on thatâ€|if they don't hurry then all may already be lostâ€|The enemy has just drawn his noose tighter around us."

Everyone turned at the sound of the tired voice behind them and turned to see one of the seventh year students, a fair-haired blue eyed girl, who'd stayed behind to keep watch on Seth-Ra's army.

"Seth-Ra has made his move then, Allison?" McGonagall's voice trembled slightly but her face remained calm.

"Yes, Professor. He has finally broken through the enchantment on the front gate with his army. They are laying siege to the castle now. We have called everyone inside the walls and sealed all entrances. That will hold them for a time but not foreverâ€|they will break through eventually."

"Thank you, Allisonâ€|You have been relieved then?"

"Yes, Terry just took over the watchâ€|" Allison yawned and turned to leave the room.

"Try and get some restâ€|"

She turned to face the ghost of James Potter and replied, "I will try Mr. Potter, sirâ€|butâ€|"

The other's nodded in understanding. As she left the room, those left behind were thinking about another battle and they were sure that she was too.

"Thank Godâ€|the younger children were all sent home before Seth-Ra made his move," Severus thought and he could see by the looks in everyone's eyes that they were thinking the same thing.

"It looks like we've run out of choices," said McGonagall as a wave of fear swept through her. "We can only fight nowâ€|even without the Weapons and the Key of Joiningâ€|we can still hold out some days. Let's hope they have found it and are making their way here."

The others nodded looking solemnly at each other.

"James and I will continue to cast the counter curse to the one still holding Harryâ€|" began Lily.

"I will help youâ€|I'm sure we can free him from Seth-Ra's control and bring him back to us." Snape said, interrupting Lily.

Lily smiled at him again and James looked between them then slowly James held out his hand, which Snape took briefly. He was surprised to find that it wasn't cold but warm.

"You three work on that counter to the spell and we will gather the others. Let us hope that Sirius and the others return soon and safely and that they have found the Key that will allow us to defeat Seth-Ra."

McGonagall and the others swept from the room, leaving the three of them together.

A/N : As alwaysâ€|I own nothing in this story but the plot and the Dark Wizard Seth-Ra. Hope you enjoyed this part. The next part will be calledâ€|_Horus's Flight_â€|So keep an eye out for it. Thanks for reading. J WeasleyTwin2

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 14: Horus's Flight

By WeasleyTwin2

I come forth triumphantly against my enemies. I split the heavens and open the horizon. I travel across the earth on the heels of my enemies.

****The Book of Coming Forth by Day, Stanza V****

**** **Translated from the Egyptian by: Dr. Maulana Karenga**

Into terror, into valor

Charge ahead, no never turn

Yes, it's into the fire we fly

And the devil will burn!

**** ****Into the Fire****

**** ** From the musical: **The Scarlet Pimpernel****

He was on fire. Every inch of his body seemed to burn with it. He was being consumed by the flames he could see dancing around him and even his very soul seemed to burn within him. He didn't know what was happening to him. Harry could see nothing but the flames around him and the pain was beyond anything he'd ever experienced in his short life. He writhed around within the flames seeking an escape from the pain of his body and soul burning but he could not escape. He knew he was screaming but he was unable to even hear his screams above the roar of the fire and the high pitched, evil laughter that was sounding around him.

"Must fightâ€|escape hereâ€|warn othersâ€|nowâ€|"

Even in his current state he still fought on stubbornly and he still thought of others. He knew there was little chance that he would escape from here and yet he was not one to give up without a fight. He knew he had to at least tryâ€|even if there was no hope of success. He concentrated all of his mind on blocking the pain caused by the flames that raged around him. He closed his eyes and began to do the exercises to relax his mind, which he'd learned in his fifth year. To his amazement the pain began to slowly recede and he was at last able to think clearly, more clearly than he had been able to since his capture. He opened his eyes and saw that through the fire still flickered around him it was being held back by a wall of bright golden light. He paused, unsure of what had happened or of what even to do next.

The flames rose higher, trying to reach higher than the wall of light that now surrounded Harry. He could hear the fire roar in anger as it leapt still higher, as if it were a living thing beginning denied its prey. The golden wall rose higher in response to the flames around it remaining several feet higher than those flames. Harry steeled

himself and began to walk through the flames as he had done once in the past. The flames parted before him and the wall of light around him grew stronger still. He had walked for several minutes when the flames before him parted for the last time and he could see before him what seemed to be a river flowing through a barren wasteland. He took a step forward and the flames roared angrily, attempting to block his passage. They flickered dangerously, glowing an intense blue and the roaring grew louder as the flames surged forward. Afraid that the flames would at last overtop the golden wall and not knowing what else to do, Harry waved a hand at the flames before him not really expecting anything to happen. A stream of scarlet and gold sparks flew from his outstretched hand and the flames instantly disappeared from around him. After a few moments the wall of light glowed an intense scarlet and then it too vanished as if it had never been.

"What theâ€¦?" Harry stood looking at his hand in wonder, not daring to believe what he'd just seen. "It's not possibleâ€¦"

He had no powerâ€¦he'd transferred it to another. Yet the shimmering sparks of red gold glowing faintly before him could not be denied. It was the signature of his magicâ€¦he'd cast a banishing spell without a wand or even words but instead with just a thought and force of will. He shook his head to try and clear it of the jumble his thoughts had become as he began to walk toward the water not really seeing it. He wasn't sure what this meant. He could feel the power within him begin to swellâ€¦filling the empty space inside him where his power had always been and yet, at the same time, he could feel an echo of that same power coming from a great distance, from the one he'd transferred his powers to: Draco Malfoy. Harry felt a sudden rush of joy and, as the power surged through him, he began to hope and even to believe that he had a chance to succeed in this. That he could really escape from the Place of Despair and warn the others.

Without realizing it, he'd reached the shore of the river he'd seen through the flames and discovered not a river but a vast lake of jet-black water. The lake's surface was smooth and it seemed to reflect the objects around it as a mirror would. Harry stared down at the water and found himself looking at his own reflection in the black water. He saw a boy of seventeen with messy jet-black hair and bright green eyes wearing tattered and stained scarlet robes and his reflection stared back. He blinked and then he saw something that made his eyes widen and his mouth open in a silent scream. Looking in this lake was worse than a hundred Dementors; every sorrowâ€¦every painâ€¦every fear Harry had ever experienced was reflected in the lake's placid surface. The memories washed over him in a wave and he felt himself fallingâ€¦fallingâ€¦

When he came to himself, he found that night had fallen. He could no longer see the lake nor the reflections in it and for that he was grateful. He lay unmoving for some time trying to shake off the nightmares he'd been having. He shivered in the chill air and, after a few minutes, he rose shakily to his feet, looking out across the lake. A bright, golden glow met his eyes. It shimmered just out of his reach across the vast expanse of lake. Somehow he knew that if he could reach that place of refuge he would be free of Seth-Ra's power forever but he also knew that to reach the City of Light he would have to cross the Mirrored Lake, which held all of his worst memories and all of his worst nightmares.

He looked up and down the shoreline, trying to pierce the darkness around him, searching for a bridge or a boat—anything that might help him cross the lake in safety. He could see nothing and his spirit dropped farther.

"There must be a way—"

Harry paced up and down the bank, his eyes turned inward, searching his mind for any information that might help him out. This had to be a test; he'd dealt with enough of them in his life to recognize another one. If he could find a way across then he would be freed from Seth-Ra's control and Seth-Ra would never be able to touch him again. He would be safe for all time and so would his parents. He tried to remember anything at all about The Mirrored Lake, but nothing came to mind, not anything in his seven years of magical training, not one reference to it.

"Maybe I could just float across—"

But even as his thought this, he knew it was impossible. He would have to look at the water below to get his bearings and when he did—He shivered and sank down to his knees, suddenly overcome with despair. Doubt began to creep once more into his heart. Even with his powers seemingly restored he could do nothing to save himself and he was on his own. He could almost feel the flames around him once more. The lake before him and the shining city began to blur as tears welled up in his eyes. To have come this far—through fire only to be stopped by water—this was more than Harry's spirit could stand. He put his face in his hands and began to cry soundlessly, his heart full of fear and such deep sorrow that he thought his heart would burst with the weight of it. There seemed to be no hope—nothing he could do—no help. Then just as he was about to give up—

"You must choose,—" said a deep but quiet voice behind him.

Harry jumped, startled by the sound of another human voice, tears still streaming down his face. He turned his head and through his tears he saw a man sitting cross-legged on the ground before a large boulder that Harry knew wasn't there before. The man stared up at him out of eyes that were silvery gray and that seemed to stare right through Harry. Both his hair and the close-cropped beard the man wore were black. The man looked familiar to Harry but he couldn't quite remember where he might have seen him.

"Do—did I know you?" he asked, confused by the man's familiarity and getting to his feet.

The man sat in silence his gaze fixed on Harry. Then his eyes flicked from Harry to the shining city in the distance and then back to Harry before he answered. The man held Harry's gaze with his own for a moment and Harry felt as if he had looked right into his very soul. The man nodded as if something he's seen in Harry's eyes had pleased him.

"I am and I have always been—from the first dawn to the present darkness—I am all things and great is my power—the source of all light—the life giver and Lightbringer—"

Harry went down on his knees and bowed his head.

"My Lord" he began in a reverent tone.

Osirius/Gryffindor raised Harry from the ground.

"There is no need for that, Horus, my heir and son" he looked around for a moment before continuing. "Yet I do not see thy twin spirit brother my last heir Where is he?"

Harry gazed back in mild surprise and instantly he saw again the pages of the Hogwarts Record Book, which he had studied several months ago. He saw again the two names followed by the symbol of a lion with the initials G.G. under it.

"My brother is still among the living. He fights in my stead."

Osirius/Gryffindor nodded and Harry smiled.

"What is it that I must choose," he asked and it was then that Harry heard the splash of oars hitting the water and he saw three identical boats come into view. They were all made of wood that gleamed in the bright light of the sun. The prows and sterns of the ships curled upward elegantly and were shaped like the heads of falcons. The scarlet sails of the ships were decorated with a golden falcon with a sunburst behind it and each ship flew a golden banner with a rampant scarlet lion surmounted by the same falcon.

"You must choose which ship to board in order to continue your journey but choose carefully, my son. One will take you to my city, where you will find peace, rest and happiness until the time of rebirth. Another will return you to the friends you hold close to your heart and the battle they will soon face. The third will return you to my brother, Set, who will then have control over your soul for all eternity."

Harry looked into Osirius/Gryffindor's eyes, which had now become shadowed. He looked back at the darkness from which he'd just escaped and shivered. He did not want to return there ever again. He looked across the lake at the city that glimmered invitingly in the noonday sun at him and a fierce longing swept through him. He suddenly realized how tired he really was. He wanted nothing more than the rest and peace that was promised him there. Hadn't he already done enough to deserve rest and peace and yet, even as he stared longingly at the City of Light, a part of his mind was thinking of the friends he'd be leaving behind should he choose to tread that path, leaving all behind. As he looked at the city it dissolved into Hogwarts and once more he saw his friends all standing around his grave giving their oaths to fight the coming evil. He'd made a promise to them to return if he was able before the final battle. Suddenly he knew what his choice must be there was really no alternative. He'd sworn an oath and he would be held to it, even in death.

"I shall return to my friends, to help in their hour of gravest need. I made a promise to them that I would return to them and I must keep my word for it is my bond."

Osirius/Gryffindor smiled and it was like the sun bursting into view on the horizon.

"You have never chosen the easy way but have instead always blazed new trails, Horusâ€¦Harry. Good luck on this trail. My the light of Ra always shine on your path."

Osirius/Gryffindor glowed with a brilliant white light and faintly Harry heard him say. "Watch over thy brotherâ€¦he has need of thee."

The light grew blinding and with a flash it and Osirius/Gryffindor were both gone. Harry stood for a moment, dazzled by the bright light. When his eyes had readjusted, he turned back to the three ships before him and began to study them. After several moments of study, he could find nothing to distinguish one from another; they all appeared to be absolutely identical in every respect. Harry's eyes narrowed behind his glasses and he frowned in concentration, trying to discern any difference in their magical signatures that might tell him which chose but the ships seemed to have no signatures, no auras at all.

Harry sat down on the boulder that Osirius had sat in front of just moments before. He had sat, deep in thought for some minutes when he noticed that the sun was about to set yet again. Nearly a full day had passed and still he had not been able to choose. He felt a sense of urgency and he began to hear again the chanting of the Lightâ€¦no waitâ€¦he could hear both chants again. They seemed to be battling and, as he listened, it seemed that the Chant of Darkness was growing stronger with each moment that passed. He could hardly hear the voices of Light anymore though they were definantly still there, holding on stubbornly by force of will alone. Suddenly he felt the power within him vibrate in response to a distant echo, a flare of power somewhere very close to his friends and at the same moment a distant alarm bell sounded from Hogwarts.

"Dracoâ€¦ the others are in perilâ€¦"

He could hear the echo of a distant battle being wagedâ€¦shouts of anguished painâ€¦the clash of swords and spellsâ€¦the frantic scrabble of feet running and voices cryingâ€¦and growing closerâ€¦the Chant of Darkness. There was no choiceâ€¦he had to pick one of the ships now before it was too late and hope that he'd chosen wisely. Harry closed his eyes and willed his heart to stop its wild beating. Slowly, the sense of urgency growing within him all the while, he was able to calm his fears and inner struggles. He stretched out his hand and muttered, "Isodynamus", concentrating with all his might on the ship that would return him to his friends. He felt rather than saw the three ships in front of him flare with power. He opened his eyes and saw the ship farthest from him was radiating a bright white light while the one next to it had become shrouded in darkness.

Soon after seeing these changes, the two ships vanished without a trace leaving the one nearest to him bobbing in the waters of the lake, which had now become choppy. Harry boarded the remaining ship with no hesitation and sat in the canopy-draped chair at its center. He could not see the lake and for that he was glad. The ship began to move slowly across the lake as soon as he had settled himself. It moved with a smooth and stately grace and its slight motion was beginning to lull him into slumber. He tried to stay awake, tried to keep his eyes open with the strength of his will alone, but he fought

a losing battle. He'd spent far too much time without any real rest and even a ghost needed to "sleep". Slowly, his eyelids closed and he slumped forward in his chair, sleep having at last claimed him, and he dreamed of battles (past and present), of his family, his life and, most of all, of his friends and of a traitor's smiling face, a traitor who wore the guise of a friend. He had to warn the others, to tell them before it was too late. He slept on as the ship carried him further and further east, away from the Lands of the Dead and back to the Lands of the Living.

Well, that's finally finished. Sorry for the wait but I was sick€stupid cold€Anyway€who could Harry's Spirit twin be? Well, the answer for that will have to wait for another part to tell it. Part 15 will be called "The Amulet of Sirius". Finally you will learn what the "Key" is and which of the characters has the power to wield it. Thanks to all of you who have been reviewing. The end of this is in sight now. Hopefully I can finish it before I run out of space on F.F.

WeasleyTwin2

16. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 15: The Amulet of Osirius

By WeasleyTwin2

In the darkest hour of the darkest day will the six be joined as one and through them shall the Greatest Evil fall€

Godric Gryffindor, 1580 A.D.

--

When the Dark comes rising, six shall turn it back

The Dark is Rising

Susan Cooper

I slipped quietly down the hallway, listening carefully for any sound of pursuit but I heard nothing, nothing but the deep silence that seemed to cling to the walls of the castle. I walked for several minutes before pausing to catch my breath. I sat for a moment on a large, jagged piece of stone that had fallen from the ceiling. It was silent and the corridor before me was shadowy and eerie.

"Lumos."

The tip of Harry's wand glowed brightly, shedding its light into all parts of the corridor. I opened the book I was carrying and found it was a journal written in several different hands and inks. It described Castle Gryffindor and the surrounding area. I flipped through its pages and words leapt out at me€Mural Room€Room of

Lightâ€|the Dark Lord attacksâ€|Osirius Roomâ€| Finally, I stopped flipping aimlessly through the book and turned to the entries near the end of it. They were written in a strong, clear hand and in shimmering scarlet ink. I recognized the handwriting at once for it was Harry's. What interested me more, however, was the entry that came right before where Harry's own began. It was in a feminine hand and bore the date, October 31, 1981-the day Harry's parents had been killed. I felt strange reading it but it drew my attention; almost as if it was calling to me in a voice I could barely register.

#

Harry,

If you are reading this book and my letter herein it is because the impossible has happened and we have been betrayed. We believed ourselves to be safe and protected under the Fidelius Charm but that spell has somehow failed us. The Dark Lord searches for us and if you hold this book and we are not there with you then he has managed to find us. This will be our last gift to you, given to you in your 17th year. This book and a love that will remain true even should we be parted forever by death. Know that we always have and always will love you and watch over you. Don't let anyone ever convince you otherwise. We will never be far, you have only to think of us and we will be at your side and in your heart.

I must warn you of two things so that you will know of them and will thus be able to prepare yourself. The first is thisâ€|Voldemort will shadow you through the years. He will attempt to ensnare you, to turn you against the Light or even kill you. You must do all in your power to prevent this. You are the last remaining heir to Godic Gryffindor and it is for this reason he seeks to destroy you. Be always on your guard and remember there are protections around you that were set in place when you were born. Be careful, my son.

The second warning I bring is thisâ€|After the fall of Voldemort there will arise one who is like in power to him but much more evil and stronger still. He carries with him the power of eternal death. You or the ones you deem most worthy in the event of your own death must seek out the ruins of the ancient home of Gryffindor for therein lays the hope of the Light. This book will tell you all you need to know. Follow its instructions and you will find the long lost Amulet of Osirius.

Remember our love,

Lily Potter

There was a postscript to the above entry, which read:

There is a poem that has been handed down to me from my father who heard it from his fatherâ€|

On the darkest day

When the Evil has grown to power

You will find the way

In the Light's dying hour.

All hope seems lost'
To many lay in graves
You count the cost
Yours is the power that saves
These clues I give you
So you will know where to go
Restoring the castle to new
The power to gain o're your foe.
Stand within an armored hall
Where there seem no way clear
The way is barred, yet fear no fall
To protect all once held dear
Stand fast and true within the storm
Bravery is here required
By grief and guilt your hear is torn
To gain that which you most desire
When you have done these tasks
You will then hold Light's Key
The Light will shatter all the masks
The Greatest Evil at last to meet
When these things at last are joined
The Wand, the Sword, the Cloak, the Key
The world will then at last rejoice
And all that was once lost will return to thee.
When the six shall stand as one
Then will the Dark Lord of Lords fail
With the return of the Sun's son
Will the Light at last prevail.

Please be careful in this quest and remember to always stand in the Light. Dumbledore will keep this safe for you until he deems you ready to handle the responsibility. I leave with him also a letter

addressed to you and my Invisibility Cloak, which he shall also pass on to you. I ask only one thing â€|that you can someday forgive us for leaving you to face all this alone. Be brave and steadfast.

Good Luck in your quest my son and Godspeed,

James Potter

The pages of the book were tearstained and the ink was slightly smudged in places. I closed my eyes and tried to clear my mind of the sudden doubts that were overwhelming it. I felt a surge of panic at the thought of searching for this lost artifact that I had seen only in a vision. I opened my eyes and pulled out the letter I had found with the book. The parchment made a faint crackling noise as I opened it. Harry's neat handwriting marched across the page in shimmering scarlet ink and I could almost hear his voice reciting the words that were written there.

If you have found this letter, you are the one chosen as Heir to Gryffindor's power and the one who must complete the quest that I cannot. I have seen many things in my dreams regarding the future and as I sit here to write this letter I have seen a time when the Greatest Evil will rise again. The six heirs must stand united in this time of Darkness or the Light will fail and evil will reign forever.

I paused in my reading, puzzled by Harry's reference to the six heirs.

"There are only three of usâ€|" I shook my head and continued to read the letter, still pondering the phrase.

The weapons that are needed for the coming battle are in my possession now~ the ones spoken of in the ancient prophesy. The Wand is my own wand, the Sword is the same one I pulled from the Sorting Hat years before, the Cloak is the one that has been handed down for ages in my family. I only lack the Key, which will join all of these together. I don't have it yet but I do know its location. It lies in the ruins of Castle Gryffindor within the Room of Light, which is also called the Osirius Room. I have read the book and have a good idea where to find the missing Key: the Amulet of Osirius. The answer is to follow your heart and let it be your guide. For its power shall call you. Your heart and the book will tell you where to look.

At this point in time I have no idea who may be taking up the banner I have dropped but I do know that I will not be here then. I have seen this in my dreams as well. My time on this earth will end before this time next year and I can only hope that it is in defense of my friends that I fall. The quest for the Amulet is for you to complete and you are to stand in my place in this time of Darkness. You have become our Light. Have courage and do not let that light fail. I have seen that you will succeed in your quest but not how. I wish you luck and grant you now a part of the protection that I once received. Remember to follow your heart in all things.

Harry Potter

July 31, 1997

P.S. You are not to blame for my death in any way. Don't feel

responsible for it—it is something that was meant to happen and it was a destiny that could not be avoided as much as I wished I could have. Please carry no guilt in your heart because of it. For what it's worth I forgive you knowing that you will not believe me unless I say the words. Everything in the world has but a small amount of time to live and it was my time to go. There was nothing else for it and there was nothing you could have done to prevent it. Let it go and try to remember the good times instead.

I felt a small surge of power and tears began to course down my cheeks. In this letter Harry had managed to bring me a message I most needed to hear. My courage mounted and the fear and uncertainty I'd been feeling were pushed to the back of my mind. Somehow he'd known exactly what I needed to hear.

"Thank you," I whispered as I scanned the letter again.

Judging from what the letter said, Harry had known he would die before his next birthday. I shivered slightly hoping that he hadn't known how he would die. That would be too horrible: to know your fate and to know how it would come about. I know I couldn't have dealt with it.

"I wonder how he managed it?"

I put the letter down and turned my attention back to the book. I opened the front cover and saw words in hieroglyphics on the cover page, which read—Here is the Book of Osirius, Protector and Guardian of the Light of Life. I turned the page and found words written in a cramped hand. The scarlet ink on the page was faded in places and smudged in others where the writer's hand had brushed it. I began to read and felt a flare of power coming from the book. Instantly, images appeared in my head, memories of all past heirs of Godric Gryffindor that had written anything in the book. I saw events that I had only read of in books, had faces to go with certain historical names I heard, saw the building of many places and the establishment of cities around the world. The whole history of the magical world and of the Potters was absorbed into my brain in a few seconds time. The book closed on its own and lay silent in my hand. My head was spinning from all the information that had been forced into it. I closed my eyes and willed the information to form a logical pattern. After several minutes it did so and I was able to think clearly again.

I now knew exactly where the Key was and how to find it. The room in which it lay, hidden by a spell that only I could break was down this very corridor. Without realizing what I was doing, I'd gotten to my feet and was running down the corridor, overcome by sense of peril coming nearer to us with each passing minute. I ran not really paying attention to where I was going other than to avoid the piles of debris in the corridor. I could see a bright white light some distance ahead of me. I slowed to a walk and felt the air around me vibrating with power. I was so close—I could feel it. Somewhere nearby lay the Key. I stopped and closed my eyes feeling something calling to me. It was pulling me north toward the light I had seen moments before. I opened my eyes and my mouth gaped open.

The walls around me gleamed like new, which had been a tumbled down ruin before. I looked around me and saw that the rubble had been cleared from the entire corridor and that torches were blazing in

their mountings, which were shaped like gryphons. I closed my eyes and opened them again but the passage remained in its pristine and new condition.

"It's not possible!"

I continued down the passage toward the light at the end of it, still looking around me in wonder. The walls were of pure white stone polished till it seemed to glow with an inner light. The torches looked new and gave off a woodsy aroma. There were paintings and tapestries on the walls. The occupants of both were whispering and I could sense that they were watching me. I looked back at them and was greeted by each one. I noticed that each portrait was in an ornate gold frame and that the backgrounds of each were different. The first frame held the portrait of Godric Gryffindor and in its background was the same walled city I'd seen in my vision distant and shadowy and two castles. He smiled at me as I passed and I waved back at him. Farther on there was a portrait of a man in a ruff and pantaloons with a wide brimmed hat with a large feather in it. In the background was this castle and knights on horseback jousting. There was also a beautiful, fair-haired woman holding a dark haired child in her arms in this portrait. She smiled at me and waved me onward. I grinned back.

I passed many portraits, some of men with dark hair and some of woman holding children. All of them had Castle Gryffindor in the background and all of the people in the paintings greeted me with a nod or a wave or a smile that somehow made me feel welcome into their midst though I was not a part of their family. Finally, I reached a portrait of a sad-eyed young man. He, too, waved me on but he had such a look of deep sadness that I stopped to take a closer look at the painting. The castle in the background was a ruin off in the distance and instead there was a large manor house nearby. I looked at the plate on the frame of the painting and realized that I had almost reached the end of the portraits. There was a name and a date: Henry J. Potter, 1942. This must have been Harry's grandfather. He was black-haired with piercing blue eyes.

I walked on and saw another portrait of the same man, this time with a wife and a small dark-haired son. The manor house was still in the background. There were other children in the portrait too: a fair-haired girl and two twin boys whose hair was reddish. The boy in the woman's arms smiled at me and waved. I smiled sheepishly back and waved too.

"James!" I heard the woman say quietly as she looked at the child and I nodded.

I was nearing the great double doors at the end of the passage that I knew lead to the vast chamber beyond but before I would reach them there were still some portraits to look at. I stopped to look at them before entering the chamber knowing they might be gone when I returned this way again. James and Lily Potter smiled back at me with an infant Harry in Lily's arms. The manor house was off in the distance and a little way beyond it was the ruins of the castle. The Potters instead stood in a garden with a well-kept and large cottage in the background. I smiled and waved and they pointed to the doors before me. I nodded and they smiled again, as Harry waved his arms and cooed at me.

Before turning my attention to the double doors I looked at the last two frames. In the first one was a portrait of a seventeen-year-old Harry, his green eyes sparkling as he laughed at something. He was standing in front of the same cottage but it was now an overgrown ruin as the castle was. He saw me and his eyes widened a moment. Then he bowed at me indicating that I could proceed, smiling encouragingly at me as I passed. As I stepped in front of the doors, I looked at the final painting. It was empty except for a manor house in the background and the sky above it, which was a brilliant shade of blue. I walked over to it and read the plate on the frame. It said: _The line shall be restored._ I studied the painting again but could make no sense of the words on the plate nor did anyone appear in it.

There was a flash of light behind me and I turned to look but saw nothing. I walked back to the doors and looked at them. They were silver with the Potter crest upon them. I reached out my hand and as with the gate, the doors opened alone. I stood a few moments in the doorway, unsure of what to do.

"Enter!" I thought I heard a whispered voice say.

I walked forward until I stood in the doorway of the room and all around me torches flared to life. The room beyond was made of white marble with a high vaulted ceiling and suits of armor, which were ranged along the walls. There was a door on the far side of the room exactly opposite the door I stood in. The door seemed to glow with a faint white light or was it merely the reflection of the torches and wand's light? I could feel something tugging at me, calling to the power that now resided within me.

"The Key" I whispered.

It was the only thing it could be. The door glowed more brightly for a moment and then the light faded again. I stepped across the threshold and my foot hit empty air. My balance lost, I tried to pull myself back, my arms wind milling in the air. I fell backward and landed hard on the floor outside the door. After a few minutes I got up and peered through the door again: the room before me had no floor except at its very edges were the suits of armor stood. There was no way that I could walk around the edges of the room and reach the door. I stood on the edge and looked down. I saw nothing but a seemingly endless pit. I stared across at the door trying to think of a way to reach it. I had no way to fly across to the door, having no broom, I thought for a moment, my eyes darting from the floor to the door. I tried to think of any spell that might help me but none came to mind.

"Wingardium Levioso!" I cried in desperation but the spell refused to work and, as I watched, the light at the tip of the wand in my hand began to dim.

"No magic," said a voice that had an echoing quality about it.

"Leap of faith," said a second voice and it was then that I noticed the two suits of armor near the entrance; their visored helmets were turned toward me.

>

"What do you mean 'leap of faith ?'" I asked, slightly annoyed by their cryptic remarks.

They remained silent and unmoving though and I turned my attention back to the door. Suddenly a part of the poem that Harry's father had written down came unbidden into my head.

Stand within the armored hall

Where there seems to be no way clear

The way is blocked, yet fear no fallâ€|

--

The place I stood at was the "armored hall" and the way was indeed "blocked".

"Yet fear no fall?"

Did this mean that there was no pit before me, that it was an illusion only? I wasn't sure. I stood in the doorway, irresolute, staring at the door across the way. How long I stood thus I'm not really sure but it was long enough for my feet to become tired. There was no other way, I would have to try and cross the room. I kept my eye on the door, trying not to think of the deep, endless pit under my feet. Once more I took a step forward and this time I could feel a solid floor beneath my foot. I kept walking forward one step at a time not daring to take my eyes from the door. Finally, I stood before my goal and as I looked back the yawning pit behind me vanished and was replaced with a wooden floor.

I turned back to the door and looked at it. It was made of silver with the Potters' crest upon it. There was an ornate red crystal key in the lock. I stood with my hand poised over the key, ready to unlock the door. I could feel the power within me hum and I knew the Amulet of Osirius had to be behind this door.

"What makes you so sure you're the one that has been chosen?" said a voice, coldly.

I whipped around and found myself slammed against the door, held there by some magical force. I looked around but saw no one, which didn't surprise me in the least.

"What are you doing here foul Slytherin?" spat a second voice.
"Trying to find the Key so that you can return it to your Master?"

"How can you be sure the Darkness is no longer a part of you?" a third voice asked.

"You cannot lie to the Guardians, Slytherin. Even now you long to have the power you once controlled."

Voices swirled around me, shouting out a myriad of questions, all of them dealing with my past association with the Dark and my unworthiness to claim the treasure beyond the silver door. I longed to shout out answers to the questions being asked and to defend

myself against the accusations they were piling on my head but something held me back.

"Stand fast!" I heard a faint and yet familiar voice say. "Only one answer to all!"

> <!--[if !supportLineBreakNewLine]-->

I shook my head but remained silent as the voices continued to swirl around me. Finally, they stopped and I heard a cold and echoing voice.

"Why did you turn your back on the Darkness? Why join with the Light? What is holding you there?"

Suddenly I knew the answer to all the questions that were being asked. There was only one answer to all of the questions my vow. The vow I had made to myself on the night Harry died. My mind drifted back to a year ago. It had been three days since Harry's final duel with Voldemort. Harry lay in Gryffindor Tower being eaten from within by the poison running through his veins. The poison was too much for his weakened body to deal with and so the Dark Lord last victim would be the "Boy Who Lived". Harry had made me swear to guard the weapons of Gryffindor with my life and I had watched him close his eyes for the final time. This was a part of the vow that I still held to with all my heart and soul and it was this vow that had lead me here but there was another vow I had made; a life changing and deeper vow to renounce the Dark Arts forever.

Late on the night before Harry's funeral, I had gone to the Great Hall where his flag draped casket was resting in a shaft of moonlight. I knelt there, eyes closed, praying for his soul for I'm not sure how long. Then I stood and stared at the casket without really seeing it. The moonlight was growing stronger and I could clearly see the coat of arms engraved on the casket's lid and the golden threads that made up the embroidered Gryffindor Lion sparkled as the light hit it. I knelt down again and looked around the rubble-strewn Great Hall at the coffins of the others who were killed in the battle and then back at Harry's. I closed my eyes and saw again the bodies strewn across the grounds like useless rag dolls, the look of insane joy on the faces of many of my fellow Slytherins as they killed, the laughter of the Death Eaters and Voldemort as they slaughtered the innocent. I heard the screams of the wounded and saw the haunted faces of those of us who had survived the battle. I knew then that I no longer wanted to be a part of something that so callously disregarded life. I stood up then, raised Harry's wand in the air and spoke these words over Harry's casket:

On this night I vow to renounce all powers of the Dark and instead serve only the Light. Let the Dark have no more hold on me from this night forth for it has caused me nothing but unending sorrow. It has claimed the lives of my friends and family. It is in their memories and in memory of all who have died that I renounce all my Dark Powers and turn forever from them. By this do I seal forever my solemn vow in the name of he who lies here.

--

I pointed Harry's wand at the Dark Mark on my left arm and a brilliant white light shot from it and covered my forearm. I could feel tiny pinpricks of heat all along the Mark but they felt

comforting and didn't hurt me at all. As I watched the light turned golden shot through with scarlet, then it glowed fiercely for a moment before vanishing altogether. When I could see again and I looked at my left arm, I found that the Dark Mark was gone. In its place was a new mark: a rampant lion surmounted by a falcon. It was the mark of Gryffindor and it was this arm that I struggled to move now. Slowly, inch-by-inch, I moved it while The Voice's questions lingered in the air unanswered. Finally, I managed to move my arm into position and I could feel the power within me gathering, ready to break the spell that held me bound.

"It is because of my vow!" I cried as the spell holding me was broken.

I held my left arm up and the Mark on it began to glow.

"The Heir! The Heir!" I heard the voices around me cry. "The Heir has come."

I turned to the door and found it had opened. The room beyond it was dark and cold.

"Lumos." I whispered and a faint circle of light spread into the room, which appeared to be empty. Uncertain of what to expect, I passed through the doorway and a brilliant light surrounded me. It felt warm and seemed to be coming from the eastern corner of the room. I walked through the light to a golden chest inlaid with hieroglyphics and runes of power. Taking a deep breath, I opened the chest carefully and there, sitting on a bed of scarlet velvet and glowing faintly was the Amulet of Osirius. I lifted it out and felt it vibrate in my hand as it and the power within me resonated.

"Long I have waited for one of like powerâ€¦Heir to Osirius you are and will now forever be."

The Light flared and then died and everything around me was cast into darkness. Then I heard a faint hissing and a cold chanting voice broke over me. The Darkness around me flared a second time and a dark fire surrounded me.

"Give me the power you have stolen from me!" demanded a cold voice, which sent shivers down my spine.

"Never!" I cried tightening my grip on the wand and Amulet.

"Surrender those weapons to me and I will let you live. Join me and we can rule this pathetic world together." Seth-Ra hissed from the darkness.

"I will not betray them!" I said firmly as his Living Darkness surrounded me, trying to stifle the Light within my heart.

I felt myself falling for what seemed like forever and then I hit the floor so hard that the wind was knocked out of me. I began to feel faint and my scar burned again. Seth-Ra's voice was hissing in my mindâ€¦offering me anythingâ€¦all the power that I could wantâ€¦everything if I would just join him. If I would turn away from the feeble Light and let the Darkness claim me again. He tried to get me to renounce my sacred vow. I could hear chanting all around me and

I fought against the spellâ€¦I tried to block their voices. He attempted to cast another spell on me, something like an Imperious Curse but much more devious and stronger. I fought harder to free myself.

"Join Me," he hissed.

"No!" I cried weakly, my face screwed up with the effort of trying to throw off a curse that I barely understood.

"Join me or suffer!"

A stabbing pain went through me and I felt as if I was on fire.

"I! Will! Not!"

"Join with me and all your powers will be restored."

There was more white-hot pain.

"Never!" I cried out as his Darkness rose to claim me.

Then, just when I thought all was lost, a bright white light came from the Amulet, piercing the Darkness and a figure stepped through it. The figure glowed with a blinding red-gold radiance and for a moment I was unable to see who it was. Then the light was toned down and I heard Seth-Ra gasp in surprise. Standing in the midst of this light, still in the tattered robes he'd died in, stood Harry. His blazing green eyes were narrowed and he glared at Seth-Ra with hatred mixed with fury. Seth-Ra's own eyes narrowed and a smirk played about his mouth.

"You cannot harm him for he is under my protection now!"

"I see you've escaped your just punishment for defying me. No matter, you will be mine again."

Seth-Ra pulled out his wand and pointed it at Harry who stood calmly, waiting with no hint of fear.

"Incindus Sulus!" Seth-Ra cried in triumph.

His eyes were glowing with a red light as a beam of Darkness came from the wand in his hand and the obsidian amulet around his neck glowed darkly. The beam flew toward Harry and I cried out a warning. As soon as the Darkness touched the edge of the red-gold light around Harry it was dissolved. Seth-Ra cried out in rage and began to fire random spells, all of which the Shield of Light absorbed.

"I will never do you bidding again." I thought I heard Harry mutter under his breath.

Harry's green eyes boar into Seth-Ra's dark ones and Seth-Ra's eyes lit up with pure hatred and he looked down at where I still lay and then back at Harry with a triumphant look.

"You may have escaped me but your heirs shall not! They and the weapons destined to defeat me will be destroyedâ€¦beginning with this fool and the two most powerful of the weapons!"

Before I knew what was happening or even had time to defend myself, Seth-Ra had pointed his wand at me.

"Sulus Enternus Oblivius!"

I flung up the hand holding the Amulet of Osirius and there was a flash of light and a brief moment's pain. Then all was cast into darkness and I knew nothing more.

I finally managed to get this part up. I must apologize to those of you how have been waiting. I could offer up an excuse but I have none to give. Don't worry I WILL finish this story and hopefully soon. The next part will be called** But Where There's Hope. **Reviews are encouraged. Thanks a bunch.

WeasleyTwin2__

17. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 16: But Where There's Hopeâ€|

By: WeasleyTwin2

I have imprisoned the Evil one who must be unnamed for all eternity within his tomb but I know the battle is not ended. Thousands of years will pass and He shall rise once more. His final defeat lay in the hand of my heirsâ€|two who will be born of the same yearâ€|one hidden in the Lightâ€|the other in by Darkness cloakedâ€|through them will the Weapons of Gryffindor flameâ€|joined at last and thus will the unwilling servant be freed.

Godric Gryffindor (Osirius)

From the door to Seth-Ra's tomb

320 B.C.

--

No words describe a mother's tears

No words can heal a broken heart

A dream is gone, but where there's hope

--

Somewhere something is calling for you

Two worlds, one family

Trust your heart

Let fate decide

To guide these lives we see

Two Worlds

From the Soundtrack to Disney's Tarzan

I could hear voices somewhere high above me. They were talking in whispers and so rapidly that I could not follow their conversation. Everything around me was misty gray and my whole body felt as if it were bruised both inside and out. My stomach was rolling and my head throbbed in time with my heart, which seemed to be fluttering in my chest as if it would seek escape from it. I moaned softly.

"He's coming aroundâ€|"

"Draco can you hear meâ€|"

I nodded my head slowly and my eyelids fluttered open. I saw Ron, Hermione, Sirius and Remus hovering over me, looks of concern on all their faces. I looked around at them in confusion for a moment and then I spotted Harry. He was floating nearby, looking at the mural covering the nearby wall. He looked as he had in the Osirius Room but there was no glowing light around him now. He turned to face me and smiled.

"How are you feeling, Draco?" he asked. He looked as concerned as the others did.

"Awfulâ€|Like I've been turned inside outâ€|" I replied as I tried to sit up. I winced as a sharp pain shot through my chest.

"You're lucky to have survivedâ€|if you hadn't been holding the Amulet up at the time Seth-Ra's spell would have killed you," said Harry gravely as he stared deeply into my eyes.

Ignoring the pain that moved over me like a wave, as well as the protests of the others, I stood up and walked to where Harry hovered. His green eyes bore into my own and I saw a hint of sorrow there. I stopped mere inches from him and looked at the mural behind him. It was the last panel, which depicted Osirius' defeat of Seth-Ra thousands of years before. I stood staring at it for some minutes in silence, trying to gather my thoughts. Something had been bothering me since the day of the Remembrance Ceremony. Waking up in great pain after this attack by Seth-Ra reminded me of his first attack on me and the whispered comment of someone: _Do you think he knowsâ€|_

--

"The day of the Remembrance Ceremonyâ€| the first time I was attackedâ€|What really happened to me?" I glanced over at Harry.

If it was possible for a ghost to get any paler, Harry did for a moment. Then he looked straight into my eyes with his own, searching for something in them. For a moment I was afraid he was going to refuse to tell me but he only nodded and glanced at Ron and Hermione.

"Youâ€|died in Seth-Ra's attackâ€|" he said very softly.

My eyes widened and I stared back at him in disbelief.

"Your soul was forcibly taken from your body and your body died from the shock. It would have stayed dead if I hadn't left a part of my own spirit inside your body at the exact moment the spell was cast. I journeyed to rescue your stolen soul from His realm and restored it to you body. I was almost too late to save you. Seth-Ra had almost completely drained it of all power by the time I got there."

"Why?" I asked hoarsely. "Why did he attack me? Why did you save me if I was alreadyâ€¦"

"I had tooâ€¦you are the one spoken of in the ancient prophecy. The one destined to defeat Seth-Ra for all time. You are the 'heir cast in darkness, who will turn from that darkness after a time of great trial and sorrow," Harry interrupted. "I had to protect you at all cost. You are and have always been the last Heir of Godric Gryffindor."

There were gasps around the room and I stood in shocked silence, totally surprised by this new information. It was not possibleâ€¦

"I'mâ€¦heir to Gryffindor?" I asked incredulously. "But I was in Slytherinâ€¦"

"There were two born in this century and in the same year. I was one and you are the otherâ€¦I was just as shocked as you are now when I first learned of this just before my death. I took the opportunity to explore it father in the library several months ago and I discovered there were two heirs born though not the names of them. I knew I was one of them but was unsure of who the other was until I read Gryffindor's prophecy. Then I knew it had to have been one of my year mates. I spent another month searching for the name of the second and while I was doing so your name popped into my head, more than once. Finally, I was able to get a look at the Hogwarts Record Book, which holds all the names of the wizarding children in it. I looked under the year of my birth and quickly found my own name: Harry Potter~Son of James and Lily (Evans)Potter. Next to my name was a glowing mark a lion with the initials of Godric Gryffindor underneath it."

Harry paused a moment to look at each of us in turn before continuing.

"Now that I knew what to look for, I went back to the top of the list and worked my way slowly down it, noticing that there were no others with that particular symbol after them. Finally, I reached your name and saw the same symbol that had followed mine with one difference: the lion was completely black and then it became a misty gray. As I watched it began to change color until it became a bright gold that seemed to glow. I looked back at my own and saw it had changed too from bright gold to tawny yellow signifying the transfer of Gryffindor's power to you."

Harry looked into my stunned eyes and grinned sheepishly.

"I imagine this discovery surprises you," he said, searching my face trying to determine my reaction.

I was more than surprised; I was in almost total shock. I stood there mutely staring at the mural behind Harry, not really knowing what to

say or even what to believe. I shook my head, trying to make sense of what I'd just heard but it refused to make sense to my confused brain. After several minutes of silence so deep you might have been able to hear a pin drop I finally managed to croak out:

"Howâ€¦"

Harry shrugged, "I'm not exactly sure but we probably have a common ancestor somewhere far back in our families' lines."

I tried to think of anyone in my own family's history that might have been this ancestor but could come up with no one. This didn't surprise me, however, because if there had been any such ancestor they would have most assuredly have been erased from the family records. The Malfoys had never been kind to those who had failed to conform to the Dark ways of the family. There were a hundred possible scenarios that could lead to being disowned within the Malfoy ranks and most of them were seen as dishonoring the family name. The ancestor in question could have been in Gryffindor or could have defied their parent's wishes by marrying below their station or to someone who was of the Light. I shook my head and tried to clear it of the thoughts that were chasing one another through my mind. I looked up at Harry and found that he was grinning.

"I guess that means we are related then, eh Potter?" grinning at the irony of that fact.

"Several times removed but you are."

I groaned while Harry continued to grin at me, a look of mischief in his eye.

"You know what this means don't you?" he asked with a bemused look.

I thought for a moment, trying to figure out what he was getting at. After moments thought I groaned again.

"It means that I am also related to Dudley," I said with a sorrowful expression.

"Well, at least you didn't have to live with him," Harry rolled his eyes and smirked.

I nodded, know that this was true and that it was unlikely that I would ever see Dudley anyway as his fear of anything to do with the wizarding world was well known. I turned to the others, who had stood in silence during the whole exchange and saw the looks of shocked disbelief on each of their faces. Finally, after several minutes passed, Ron came forward and held out Gryffindor's sword.

"Then this belongs to you as well."

"And the cloak tooâ€¦" began Hermione as she fished into her bag for it.

I turned back to Harry, who wore a slightly bemused expression.

"No," he said. "They are yours. I gave them to you for your own protection and because you were the ones meant to carry them into

this battle. Even if I had lived, you still would have been the ones to carry them."

The others nodded and I stood surveying Harry, my mind still reeling from the information he'd revealed to me. I couldn't believe it and yet it seemed to be true. It would explain everything that had happened to me in my life and yetâ€¦|

"Is there any other proof you could give me that could make me believe what you say is true. I mean the story soundsâ€¦|" I asked as a lingering doubt surfaced in my mind.

Harry looked at me intently for a moment as the old animosity between us surfaced. Then the fire in his eyes subsided and he nodded.

"The book," he pointed to it. "It can only be opened by a descendant of Gryffindor. If anyone else touches it they get shocked by it."

I must have looked skeptical because the next instant Hermione reached out to touch the book in my hand. There was a flash of red light and Hermione leapt back with a cry of pain. One by one the others did the same and in each instance the book shocked them. Harry reached out to touch it and nothing happened.

My thoughts began to swirl inside my head. It just couldn't be true. There was no way that I could have been a descendant of Godric Gryffindor. I had been in Slytherin and, as far as I knew my whole family had been. Yet here was the proof, the only proof I was likely to get until I could see the Record Book itself that I was. I thought back to a few months ago when I had returned to the wizarding world after my self-imposed exile. I had wondered at the time if I would have been sorted into Gryffindor having forsworn all Dark magic. It appeared that I now had the answer to that question.

It also explained so many things that had occurred in my life. Why I had been shown no love as a child, why the Dark Arts had been a part of my earliest training, why I was taught to hate everyone around me, especially Harry Potter. But though I was taught only to hate and although it appeared that I was but an exact copy of my father, there was always a part of me that no one else ever saw or even knew existed. It was hidden away deep inside me, so deep that I'd spent most of my life unaware it existed. I first became aware of it when I'd first "met" Harry and his friends on that first train ride to Hogwarts.

At the time I remember thinking of him, not as the savior of our world but as a rival that must be put in his place quickly. He was nothing to me and yet, as he stood there with his green eyes blazing, defiance in his stance, I saw the lightning bolt scar peeking from under his unruly black hair and felt as if I had been punched in the stomach. I knew, without knowing how I knew, that there was a connection between us and this was no mere rivalry. For in the instant I saw the scar I remembered something from my earliest childhood memories.

I could not have been more than five or six. It was Halloween night and I lay in front of the fire eating sweets while my parents talked. Their conversation floated above me and I really wasn't paying attention, just staring into the flames daydreaming. One of them mentioned the name Harry Potter, I think it was my mother, and for

some unknown reason I burst into silent tears which I later blamed on the smokiness of the fire. Shortly after this, my nurse came to take me to bed. She noticed my tears and I asked her about this Harry Potter whose name my parents uttered with such hatred and contempt.

"That is a sad tale, that one is, young Draco, but I'm thinking the time is right for you to hear it." Her eyes were bright and her voice full of a sorrow I didn't understand.

She told me what I found out later was a watered down version of the story. How Voldemort had come in the dark of a Halloween night five years past and begun murdering innocent families whose only crime had been to resist his demands. In the dying moments of Halloween he had come upon the Potters who had long resisted Voldemort and they were killed. Voldemort had then turned his wand on their son, Harry and tried to kill him too but the curse had rebounded back onto the Dark Lord. Lynn continued saying that I had cried out at the exact hour the Potters as if I was in pain.

I had kept this and many things Lynn taught or told me buried deep in my heart. She was the only one who'd ever shown me warmth and seemed to be concerned about me in any way. She left our service when I was seven and a cold, strict governess took her place but I still could not forget the lessons Lynn had taught me although it seemed I had. Looking at Harry's scar on our first trip to Hogwarts reminded me of a different time and seeing him for the first time nearly made me cry. Here was someone who had already given so much to a world that he'd been unaware existed for ten years but beyond that I felt the connection between us, something within a yet unopened chamber of my mind was echoing. At the time I didn't know what but it made me angry and because of all the years I'd been taught to hate him I lashed out.

I shook my head at the memory. I was laying back down now trying to sleep. We would be leaving for Hogwarts in the morning. I touched the Amulet of Osirius under my robes and felt warmth spread through me. I began to relax as much as the current situation would allow.

"Now we have a chance," I thought as I watched Harry standing guard over us all.

He had a serious look on his face and I could tell he was thinking of the coming battle and I remembered something I'd heard him muttering Voldemort had appeared in the Quidditch Pitch a year ago.

"What's coming, will come and we'll meet it when it does."

I closed my eyes. We would meet it but this time I would not fail and I would be ready for the encounter.

Sorry this story seems to be taking so long to post but I've been really busy. It is my intension to post the rest of the chapters of ****In His Memory ****as a single post in a few weeks (I hope). Hope you enjoy this part and thanks for the reviews.

WeasleyTwin2

> <meta name="ProgId"> In His Memory

In His Memory

Part 17: Vows of Honor

By: WeasleyTwin2

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In skies of frozen snow

Where winds of sadness roam

Red sun's burning low

_You were my home_1272499__

Where I would go

--

Lament

John Stuart Dick

Severus Snape stood at the top of the North Tower surveying the milling army below him. His face was lined with exhaustion. There had never been in all his life a battle such as this one. Seth-Ra's minions surrounded the castle yet they made no move to attack what was plainly their objective. They simply milled around in a perfect circle as if they were waiting for some kind of signal.

"What _is _he playing at?" Severus thought as he looked up at the gray, leadened sky.

The sky above was full of what appeared to be birds and everything was cast into the deepest shadow. The air seemed charged with magical energy and the evil aura was so strong now that Severus could feel it pressing at him, just outside his shields. The wind picked up and he shivered as it whipped around him, lifting his cloak away from his body, causing it to billow like a defiant flag.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder and he started, suddenly realizing that he had been so deeply lost in his own thoughts that he'd allowed his guard to slip. He turned and saw Professor McGonagall looking at him.

"I'll take over now, Severus. You look like you just survived a class full of Weasley's," McGonagall smiled dimly at her joke.

Snape smile for a moment and then stood glaring down at the figures below him.

"I've been standing here, trying to figure out Seth-Ra's plan for four hours straight and I am no nearer an answer then I was when my watch began. Nothing out there has changed!" Snape fumed, gesturing violently at the milling army below. "I can't figure it out, Minerva. Something is not right. It's almost like they're waiting for

something. I don't like it, not at all."

McGonagall looked at where Snape was pointing and saw that things looked the way they had when she had been relieved the previous night. She shook her head understanding all too well Snape's frustration.

"I've never seen anything like it, never in all the battles I've been in," she said quietly.

He nodded and continued to glare down at them. He could feel the evil getting stronger and, as if in response to it strengthening, the sky overhead grew darker than night.

"Something's happening!" McGonagall clutched his arm and pointed.

Severus saw darkness swirling in a column and saw someone step forward out of that column of Darkness. There was a ripple in the air and a chant began to sound, echoing all around them and with all the strength of magic and a thousand voices behind it.

"The Darkest hour! the darkest day! surrender all hope for hope and Light have fled! join us! join us!"

Severus felt Seth-Ra's will beating against his shields. He shut his eyes to better concentrate on strengthening them. When he opened his eyes again, he saw Seth-Ra glaring up at him, pointing a strange wand at him, which glowed with darkness. Snape grabbed McGonagall, who was standing as if stunned, and together they fell behind the low wall of the tower just as a curse rocked the entire tower.

"We need to get out of here! Come on, Minerva! snap out of it!" He slapped her lightly on the face.

McGonagall's eyes came back into focus and she looked around her. She tried to stand but he held her down.

"Stay low, Seth-Ra is casting spells at us. We need to get out of here and under cover."

They began to crawl toward the still open trap door, only to have it slammed shut by the force of one of the curses Seth-Ra used, just as they reached it. Severus, risking his own life, tried to open it again but found it was jammed shut by the force of the spell.

"You cannot escape me!" Seth-Ra laughed, a ringing and evil laugh that echoed all around them.

Severus saw the strange winged creatures above them beginning to dive in their direction and knew that the end had come. In desperation, he threw himself over McGonagall, protecting her with his body as the first wave struck them. He grunted in pain as their talons rammed into him. He tried to draw his wand but could not reach it in time. The "birds" went into a second dive and Severus thought he saw a brilliant light appear over both of them before he passed out from the poison and the pain.

We made our way through the darkened tunnel as quickly as the shadows would allow, hardly daring to stop to even take a rest. All of us felt a sense of urgency. Somewhere ahead of us a battle was already being waged. My heart was thudding in my chest so hard that I was sure the others could hear it too. Some way ahead of us, Harry's ghost shone pearly white, glowing with a radiance I had never noticed before. He'd offered to be our scout and to light our way. The rest of us followed behind him. We meet nothing for about half an hour, until several of Seth-Ra's creatures came hurtling out one of the side passages behind us, murder and evil in their eyes.

The creature nearest charged directly at me, a dagger upraised and I shouted for help. I tried to dodge the creature's charge but it was the quicker and it knocked me to the ground, hissing at me in a form of Parseltongue, which I didn't understand. The creature, part man and part cobra, sat atop me and tried to plunge the dagger it held into my heart. I just managed to stop the dagger's decent mere inches from my chest and I held it there, the muscles in my arms straining to hold it in place. The creature continued to hiss and its forked tongue licked my face. I tried to throw the creature off but it was no use. The dagger quivered, hovering another inch closer. I could see a look of triumph in the creature's eyes as the dagger brushed my robes.

I saw my whole life flash before my eyes in a disjointed jumble. The creature let out a hiss of triumph but then, as I struggled to prevent the dagger from reaching my heart and to throw the creature off again, the Amulet of Osirius, which hung around my neck, was exposed and it began to glow with a brilliant yellow light. The light surrounded the creature and within seconds it was turned into a pile of ash, the dagger falling to the floor with a clatter from the now empty air.

I sat there panting, my eyes closed and my body trembling as the light from the Amulet dimmed once more. I opened my eyes to find Harry and the others looking at me in surprise and wonder. Harry floated closer, his eyes full of concern.

"Are you okay? We tried to help after we fought off the others but there was some kind of shield around you," he said.

I got up and brushed the dust and ash from my robes and out of my hair.

"I'm fine. What was that monster hissing about?"

Harry's face paled a moment before he answered me.

"Hogwarts is under attack. The creature said that many will die and those that don'tâ€¦" he paused. " Those that don't will become one with Seth-Ra."

"You meanâ€¦" Hermione's face paled.

"He will use themâ€¦drain their powers to add to his own. Come, we must hurry."

We all began to run, following the path that was leading us steadily upward toward Hogwarts and whatever awaited us there.

There was nothing more he could do; the castle was slowly being overrun and he was unable to stop it. He had never felt more helpless then he did at this moment. He felt his heart beating rapidly in his chest, felt the cold metal of the bracelets on his wrists, the smoothness of the wood of the wand he held and the hot metal that was the Amulet of Set as it drained the powers of those who had already fallen. He looked out through his own eyes and saw people he knew fighting the creatures that Seth-Ra had at his command. People he knew were dying in defense of what they believed in and he could do nothing to stop it. He pushed against the dark wall surrounding his soul, trying in vain to escape from the prison he found himself in.

He slumped to the floor of his prison, tears running freely down his face as he beat his fists against the dark wall before him. Every day had been the same since the day he had awoken from the accident to find that his body was no longer his own. He vaguely remembered a powerful magical explosion and a dark shadow that had seemed to float within it. Then he felt it—a surge of evil that was so powerful that it almost overwhelmed his soul. His spirit had fled, trying to hide from the evil that had taken control of his body. All too soon that hiding place had become a prison. As the days turned to weeks and the weeks to months he had begun to think he would never be free of the evil and his soul had fallen into despair.

He beat his fists on the wall before him, his heart crying out for the freedom he'd lost. He knew now that there was no chance or hope that he would ever be free of Seth-Ra. Nothing could save him now. Seth-Ra had become too much a part of him to even hope to be free again. He hung his head, a hand still touching the wall before him and tears running silently down his cheeks, creating a small pool of water on the gray floor of the corner of his mind that was still his.

"There is one in the castle that can free you from him forever," a distant voice said.

"Who?" he thought staring into a bright light that had appeared before him.

"I'm a friend. There is one in the castle who will rescue you but you must give him time to reach you and you must be ready to move the instant that Seth-Ra departs this body."

"How will this be?"

"The Heir returns. He who holds the power to defeat Seth-Ra forever. Wait and be patient. You will be saved."

The voice faded with each passing word until it was no more than a faint whisper within his mind.

"Wait and hope" the voice said, fading into silence.

For the first time in many months, he felt hope growing within his heart.

Out of breath and panting from our run, we stood before one of many secret doors that led back into the castle. The corridor beyond was as silent as the grave. Hundreds of horrible images wove their way through my mind, things I'd seen during the war with Voldemort. Everyone seemed to have been thinking the same thing I was. Every face around me was pale and no one seemed to want to open the door. Even Harry, who seemed to have no fear, hesitated at the door before proceeding to walk right through it as if it wasn't there. The door suddenly swung open so the rest of us could follow Harry and we found ourselves in a deserted storage room somewhere down in the dungeons quite near the Slytherin Common Room. The walls were damp and slimy. All of us sighed in relief, as all our fears appeared to be groundless for none of Seth-Ra's creatures had made it this far; at least not yet.

Suddenly, from somewhere quite close by, a scream echoed though the corridor. We could hear a snarling sound and noises that sounded like fireworks. Somewhere above there was a rumbling that shook the very foundations of the castle. We looked at one another.

"Come on then!" I said, pulling Harry's wand from the pocket of my robes and putting a hand on the doorknob before me.

The others readied their wands and I saw Harry's ghost flicker for a moment before it faded as he went invisible. I threw the door open, just as another piercing scream rent the air. I ran toward the sound, the others close behind me, searching for the source of the scream. Ahead of me I could hear the triumphant shouts of Seth-Ra's creatures.

"They've broken through the last outer defenses!" I heard someone say as a great door was closed and barred somewhere ahead of us.

I could feel his creatures and the power of Seth-Ra's evil magic as it was bent toward the outer door of the castle, the same door I had helped defend only last year. As I drew closer to them, my body began to feel weak but almost as soon as the weakness started to affect me, I felt strength flowing into me from another source outside of myself. The Amulet around my neck began to glow with a white-hot light, as did the rest of the weapons of Gryffindor.

We raced down the corridor and up several flights of stairs until we found ourselves in the Entrance Hall. Students were running up the staircase that led to Gryffindor Tower, panic in their every move. I stopped a passing student to ask what was going on.

"They come to powerful! couldn't stop them! bloodbath."

Screams of pain and fear were heard faintly through the door and the student jerked her arm out of my hand and went hurtling down the Memorial Corridor at top speed, barely paying any attention to where she was going.

I could hear the sound of fighting outside and, by concentrating; I could see a little of what was going on beyond the doors. The anonymous student was correct; the grounds outside were once more drenched in blood. I saw Florence Lyons, a Slytherin student who was in the class two years behind my own, fall as she was attempting to

reach the safety of the castle. She screamed a loud piercing scream as she fell, overcome by some of Seth-Ra's lesser creatures. I tried to block out her scream and the look of horror that was etched on her face but it was impossible to forget.

I tried to stop the visions but they carried me around the grounds now turned battlefield relentlessly as if some unnamed power was trying to break my spirit by showing me such horrific visions. I could now see that this battle was going to be much worse than the last one against Voldemort had been. I could also see that it was a nearly hopeless battle that we fought. Seth-Ra's numbers were nearly overwhelming and the Serpens-Animus were rapidly closing in on the castle while Seth-Ra's bat-like falcons swooped down and carried off the unsuspecting. I turned my eyes skyward and saw them swooping at the people on the battlements and at the tops of the towers.

My vision carried me around the ancient defenses of the castle and up to the tallest tower, where I saw Professors Snape and McGonagall engaged in a struggle for their lives. Seth-Ra was bombarding them with spell after spell, pinning them down atop the tower. They attempted to release a few spells but they were unable to do any damage to him. I saw them inching their way along the floor to the trapdoor that stood open barely a foot from them but that door was suddenly and violently shut and they were unable to open it again. The bat-like falcons then began to swoop down upon them. I saw Snape shielding McGonagall with his body and anger at Seth-Ra filled my heart.

There was a blinding flash and I found myself standing over them, facing the warped falcons. They circled the tower above me, screaming their horrible, piercing cries, searching for a way around me so they could attack their prey. The Amulet of Osirius glowed white-hot yet it did not burn me. It only felt like sun-warmed metal on my skin. I took it from around my neck and held it out above me. The Light streaming from it caught a wave of falcons by surprise and they disintegrated into a shower of gray ash. The second, third and fourth waves of them were likewise reduced to dust and the rest of the birds flew off to search for easier prey.

I turned to the two Professors and found they were still unconscious. I tried to rouse them but to no avail. Unable to awaken them, I turned my attention to the trapdoor next to them. It was being held in place by a complex locking charm that I didn't recognize, though I could tell that it was of dark origins. I pointed Harry's wand at the lock and cast every unlocking spell I knew at it but nothing seemed to work and I was constantly being distracted by the swooping birds that returned to the tower to attack me.

I kicked the lock in frustration and turned around to deal with the birds when I saw the ghosts of the Potters and Harry floating above me. They were blocking the attacks, defending me while I tried to open the lock. Harry floated nearby and looked at the lock a moment, his brow furrowed in concentration. I, too, studied the lock and saw that it was glowing oddly. It seemed to be covered in a glowing black shield that prevented any spell from getting through. On impulse, I tried touching the lock with the Amulet. There was a surge of power that went through me like a bolt of lightning and I found myself on the floor but the door had swung open.

"Wingardium Levioso!" I cried, wanting to get them under cover as

soon as possible.

I guided their unconscious bodies of Professors McGonagall and Snape inside and down into the corridor below where I was, at last able to revive them.

"Malfoyâ€|What..?" Snape growled at me as he rubbed his head.

"You've found it thenâ€|the Amulet?" McGonagall's eyes went wide when I showed it to her.

She looked at me and then said, "You have come far on this journey and have done honor by your school and the Light."

"I fear there is still more to this journey before it ends. I must face Seth-Ra alone in single combat."

Both their faces grew as pale as the ghosts that were floating behind them. Harry was looking at me with a bemused expression as if the thought of me "saving the world" amused him in some way. The Potters merely looked concerned for my safety. I was shocked by such a reaction to my words from two who had never known me but I couldn't back out now.

"This must end here and now. I am the only one who has the slightest hope of stopping this rampage," I said, looking at each of them in turn.

"You will not go alone." Ron's voice came from behind me.

"We are meant to do this together," Hermione said. "The Prophecy clearly states that we must face him together."

"We must also join you," said the shade of James Potter.

"And there is something you should know. The one whose body Seth-Ra claims is still there, imprisoned. You must be careful when you do what must be done." Lily Potter's voice echoed slightly.

I nodded and then went back up the spiral stair to the top of the tower, my companions by my side and fear in my heart.

A/N: I finally finished writing the rest of this fic so it should be posted soon. Sorry for the long delay but I had a really bad case of writer's block the last time and I decided that I would not post any more of this story until I had finished the last chapter. Hope you enjoyed it. Please be kind enough to review. Thanks.

~WeasleyTwin2

19. Horus vs Seth-Ra

In His Memory

In His Memory Part 18: Horus vs Seth-Ra By: WeasleyTwin2

Had we dared, we might have cautioned him for exposing himself too

carelessly to danger at such a timeâ€|

Joseph Plumb Martin Private Yankee Doodle

Then, Maat, righteousness and order, will be returned to its place and Isfet, evil and chaos, will be driven away.

The Book of Neferti

Translated from the Egyptian by Maulana Karenga

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When I reached the top of the tower, I noticed the sky overhead darkened considerably and that everything on the battlefield below me had become still and silent. I walked to the edge of the tower and looked down. The army of the enemy glared up at me but I strove to ignore them as I scanned the ground seeking their master. Seth-Ra glared up at me with such malice and hatred that I knew I would surely die but I went on with my plan, even though there seemed to be little chance for it to succeed.

"I, Draco of house Malfoy, chosen Heir of Osirius' power and at the behest of the representatives of Light do hereby challenge you to an honorable Wizarding Duel. I choose as my second the spirit of Harry Potter, the last Heir of Osirius and as my guardians I choose the spirits of the Potters and my two companions, Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley. You have one hour toâ€|"

"I will not need the hour, insolent boy. I accept your challenge. I and my second and guardians shall meet you on the field of honor in one half hour. There you will feel the full power of Seth-Ra!"

I bowed in acknowledgement and watched him sweep passed his men, who were pulling back from the castle. I returned to the corridor below and led the others away before speaking. My heart was full of more fear than I had ever known before yet strangely I also felt a sense of peace that I had never experienced before going into battle. I knew I was doing what was right and somehow this comforted me more than thoughts of avenging a wrong done. I'm not sure when this change in attitude had occurred but it had.

"We have a half hour to think of a plan. The six of us are allowed on the field of honor but no one else. You are my second, Harry. I have called upon the right to have guardians standing at the cardinal points around the field."

"Now all we need is a planâ€|" Ron muttered.

"Did someone say 'plan'?" George Weasley's head peeked out from behind a slightly open door, followed closely by Fred's.

"Ron said 'plan', not 'prank'," said Harry, laughing.

"You have broken my heart, ghostly one." Fred clutched his heart melodramatically while George pretended to swoon.

"You have asked for a planâ€| Well we've already been thinking of

one," Fred continued.

"Come with us and we will tell you," said George with a sly grin.

We followed them into the empty room and waited to hear the plan, hoping to would be of some help to us.

*

Seth-Ra was in a fury. His anger was white hot. How dare that young upstart challenge him! Control of the duel had been taken from him and his minions had failed to eliminate the one who held all the powers of the Light. Seth-Ra stomped around inside his tent and all left him alone with his anger. Wave after wave of fury washed over the prison in which the owner of the body languished and he hid behind the walls of his prison, crouching there behind them for the scant bit of protection they offered.

"Have no fear, the time of freedom draws near."

"When?" he asked, fear and desperation coloring his voice.

"Soon. Listen with your ears and see with your eyes."

Suddenly, for the first time in many months, he could see and hear everything around him at the same time Seth-Ra could. He waited and watched, testing the walls of his prison, only to find them to be as solid as before. This time he had hope in his heart.

"I will be ready when the time comes," he swore silently to himself as he watched Seth-Ra leave the tent and gather up his seconds and guardians.

*

A half hour later, I and my companions stood on the front steps of the castle watching Seth-Ra 's minions part as he came forward with his second and guardians, all of which were human. This surprised me but I tried not to show it. I pointed to a large, circular hedge that had been magically constructed. Seth-Ra swept passed me and entered the ring with his group trailing behind him. I followed with my own. Once we were all inside a glowing dome of light surrounded us preventing anyone else from entering.

We glared at each other across the intervening space while our seconds and guardians took up their positions. Harry floated at my right hand, while the rest of my companions took up positions at the cardinal points: James in the west, Lily east, Hermione south and Ron north. Seth-Ra's minions did the same. Several minutes passed in silence as each side tried sizing up their opponents. The overwhelming fear I had felt prior to entering the circle had vanished completely and was replaced with hope and a firm resolve to stop Seth-Ra once and for all time, no matter what the cost was to myself. We bowed to one another and the duel began.

For days the sparks from our wands and amulets lit up the sky with flames of red and ebony. Days began to melt into one another, as neither side was willing to give in to the other. Seth-Ra seemed little winded by the continuous battle but I was beginning to come to end of my power and strength but I would not allow him to defeat me.

I would sooner die than allow him to take me down. I continued to grow steadily weaker, while my enemy seemed to grow stronger by the hour and there was nothing that I could prevent it.

Suddenly, without warning, I fell to my knees, too weak to stand any longer. Everything around me was beginning to drift in and out of focus and darkness hovered at the edges of my vision. My body was racked by intense pain as if I was on fire. I could hear Seth-Ra laughing in triumph and the others screaming but all sound was strangely muffled. I glared up at Seth-Ra through a haze of pain and for the first time saw the face he had kept hidden under the hood of his cloak. I blinked my eyes trying to clear them of the red haze that was clouding them but the haze would not leave my vision and the still the face remained the same.

"Bill?" Ron's voice was full of shock and I recognized the Weasley features at once.

"There is no 'Bill' here. Only Seth-Ra and now I shall destroy all of you."

Seth-Ra pointed his wand at the Amulet of Osiris that I wore and began an ancient incantation in words that I could not understand. I looked into his eyes and knew the end had come. There in his eyes was written my death and the needless deaths of thousands of others. I stared into his eyes as if transfixed, listening to the spell that would end my life, as it created a glowing ring of darkness around all of us who stood within the dome. There was a humming in the back of my mind and a quiet voice spoke to me out of the darkness.

"The powers must be joined before it is too late."

I made no move from my position in the ground. I felt warmth spreading through my body and my strength returned. Somewhere deep inside me I could feel power that had slumbered long stirring to life, resonating with the five other poles of power nearby. The humming crescendoed and became a song; the most beautiful song I had ever heard before.

"Phoenix song!" I heard Harry whisper above me.

I closed my eyes and allowed the song to move through me. I felt the Amulet grow warm and Harry's wand began to glow with a bright golden light. There was an answering glow from the Amulet, the sword, which Ron held, the cloak Hermione had draped over her shoulders, and the three ghosts. The light intensified until it drove back the darkness. The entire dome became full of light and Seth-Ra's companions vanished from within it. Seth-Ra charged me but following some inner prompting, I raised the Amulet and wand together, pointing them at Seth-Ra.

"Rapere anima reddere!" I cried, unsure of what the spell I'd been compelled to utter would do but somehow sensing that it was our last hope for victory.

The spell hit Seth-Ra mid-stride and he froze, a look of utter horror on his face. I watched, squinting through the brightness of the light, as his spirit was ripped from the body he'd stolen. Bill slumped to the ground. Hoping he would be all right, I rose to my feet, my wand and Amulet still pointed at Seth-Ra's spirit.

"You cannot stop me! I will rise again!" said Seth-Ra's hollow voice.

I walked over to Bill's unconscious body and took the Amulet of Set from around his neck. Seth-Ra's eyes widened in fear when I touched it and for a moment I enjoyed that look. I looked at him and then turned my attention to the Amulet of Set.

"No," I said calmly. "You will never rise again. I will now complete the spell that my ancestor was unable to."

I placed the Amulet of Set on the ground and pointed Harry's wand at it. Seth-Ra tried to escape but the dome he had conjured prevented it. I looked around me and saw the others were point their wands at the Amulet as well. The glow around Harry's wand and around the Amulet of Orsirus grew brighter still, blinding in its intensity. I saw Seth-Ra shadowy spirit trying to flee the light. Then I saw him try to inhabit both Ron's and Hermione's bodies but he was deflected. As he moved toward me, I could feel the power inside me gathering and heard the same voice I had heard before echoing as if from a great distance; prompting me to finish what Gryffindor had begun. A spell came to me then, the same spell I had started to use when we were attacked at Castle Gryffindor, only this time the spell had power behind it.

"Set Sepens Mordre Eternus!"

There was a burning sensation as the power coursed through me from the other five in the circle. The power was focused in Harry's wand and was released in a bright sheet of scarlet and gold flame. It hit the Amulet of Set and an explosion rocked the entire area. All of us were thrown to the ground by the force of it. The dome around us dissolved and the armies of Seth-Ra disappeared in a shower of ash. The last thing I remember seeing before everything went black was Bill moving and Seth-Ra's spirit writhing and twisting until it disappeared forever from this world.

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Bill watched the battle from his prison through the eyes of Seth-Ra. He marveled at the strength of the one who carried the Osirius Amulet. The face was hidden from him but he didn't care as long as they saved him. Everything happened so quickly. First the prison that Seth-Ra had created began to vanish until it existed no more. Then Seth-Ra was forced back by the power behind the spells being cast at him. Finally, with a sensation that felt as if two groups were using his body in a game of Muggle tug-o-war, he felt Seth-Ra's will leave his body and his body slumped to the ground.

"Now! Reclaim your body now," he heard a voice cry.

He moved forward then and felt for a moment dizzy and like he was falling. Then he was back in his own body. He moaned and heard a cry from above him. Looking up he saw Seth-Ra vanish. Bill tried to rise but found that his body was too weak to move. He lifted his head and looked in the direction of the one who had saved his life. He saw before him the slumped form of Draco Malfoy and, floating above him, the ghost of Harry Potter.

Epilogue: New Beginnings

A simple life, they live in peace.

--

Phil Collins

Two Worlds

Disney's Tarzan

--

With one look

They'll forgive the pastâ€|

--

With One Look

Sunset Boulevard

~~~~~

--

The phoenix song had become a part of me now. I heard it in the deep sleep into which I had fallen. It sang to me of hope, life, honor, courage and love. It saw of a world that was free of the darkness that Seth-Ra would have plunged it into. The music was beautiful, unearthly so, and it seemed to strengthen both my body and soul. I wandered down the sunlit pathways it led me in and knew nothing of the world I had left behind, except that it was at peace again and safe.

How long I wandered down these pathways of light, I wasn't sure. The land around me was shimmering and seemed to have a golden glow around it. I tried to look at everything around me at once and wondered briefly if I was dead. I could still feel my body and the softness of the bed in which I lay but that feeling seemed to be coming from a great distance. Suddenly, the light seemed to grow brighter and from it emerged a bird of brilliant gold and red. A phoenix had been born of the sun. I watched it until its flight path intersected with my own path.

It called to me and I followed it down the path until we came to a shimmering castle, which somehow looked familiar to me. I followed the phoenix into the castle through golden doors covered in runes of power and hieroglyphics. The bird flew to the Great Hall and landed in the arm a man dressed in silvery-white robes trimmed in scarlet and gold.

I entered the room with some trepidation. I walked the length of the hall, paying attention to nothing, and knelt down before him. I recognized at once who it was. It was Godric Gryffindor. I knelt there some moments in the still and silent room, my head bowed and my eyes downcast. A swirl of robes to my right made me look up. I saw Harry there but not as I had last seen him. He was dressed in clean

robes of gold with red edging that echoed Gryffindor's own and he seemed more alive then had ever before. I was still dressed in the tatter black robes edged with green that I had been wearing during the battle, which were covered in dirt and blood. Self-consciously, I tried to clean them up but then a soft voice began to speak and all though was driven from me and I looked up.

"My twin Heirs of Dark and Light," began Gryffindor. "You have now fulfilled that which destiny has required of you. The threat of Seth-Ra is no more. The Prophecy has come to pass and now the world will know peace."

He smiled at us and I smiled tentatively back.

'I now confer upon you both all the powers and titles you have been meant to receive since your birth. Use them never for your own gain but only to help those in need. The world still has need of the twin Heirs of Gryffindor and it is to that world you must both return for a time. When it is time, you will again join me in this Hall, the Hall of Ancestors."

Gryffindor waved a hand and I saw hundreds of people gathering around us. Among the crowd I saw Harry's parents, who were beaming at him, and my own, who smiled at me, their eyes full of the love they had never shown me in life. My heart forgave them for all their misdeeds in that moment.

"You must now return to the land of the living until I call for you again. Go in peace and live in love."

The room began to fade around me but not before I caught sight of my parents again, waving at me wildly from among a crowd of well wishers. There were tears streaming down their faces as they slowly faded from view. I waved in return, wishing that I could stay with them, until they faded completely from my sight.

*

For three months, I had no strength in my body and I hardly left my bed. The battle had taken a terrible toll on my body, sapping it of the strength it once possessed. In that time I had many visitors, many of whom wanted to know what had happened out there. Professors McGonagall and Snape had come to thank me for saving their lives on the tower as well as the lives of countless others by my heroic actions. The remaining Weasleys had also come to see me. Bill had thanked me for freeing his body from Seth-Ra's control. I must confess that nothing made me happier than to see the Weasley's happy after having suffered so much grief and sorrow in the last year. Over the next few weeks there was a steady stream of visitors to see me as well as cards and letters from hundreds more but still I felt the need to do something and the ache of the loss of so many friends.

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It was the summer holidays again and preparations were being made for the second anniversary of the Battle of Hogwarts. I was finally strong enough to leave my bed and I found myself standing at the grave of Albus Dumbledore, which lay under a spreading willow tree. I stared at its flat marble surface, its smoothness broken with the engraved letters that spelled out his name and titles on the day before the Remembrance Ceremony. I stood in silence for some moments,

letting the breeze relax me.

"You once told me, sir, that there was something more to meâ€|something specialâ€|and that I would do something that would balance all the evil my family had wroughtâ€|"

"And so you have," said a voice and I looked up to see Harry regarding me with a strange look on his face.

He was floating on the other side of the grave, his robes once more in tatters and his hair as wild as ever. He looked at the grave and frowned, tears pooling like silver in his eyes. He placed a ghostly hand on the grave carefully and when he took his hand away again there was a lily on the stone. I looked at Dumbledore's grave and then up at Harry, who was looking at me expectantly.

"What do I do nowâ€|with this second chance?"

"Whatever you feel in your heart."

"And you? What will you do?" I asked, curious about the choices he had made since had refused Gryffindor's offer at renewed life.

"I think I will return to Castle Gryffindor and explore it farther. It still holds many secrets." He looked back at Hogwarts and smiled. "Hogwarts will keep and the world is safe. You could come with me now that the battles won."

I thought about his offer as we walked toward the lake. I watched its sparkling surface and remembered Castle Gryffindor as it had looked in my dreams and visions. I felt the castle calling to me, demanding that I return there and restore it to its proper glory.

"I will return there as well," I said after a few moments thought. "The castle shall be restored and the line of Gryffindor will continue, with me. The Malfoy name will, at last, be known for something other than the Dark Arts."

Together, Harry and I returned to Hogwarts. A new life had begun for me in that time and place and I have written this so all may know and learn. History is littered with the repeated mistakes of others. I have written this so you may remember.

A/N: I want to take the time to thank all of you who have been patient with me during the writing of this story and to thank also those of you who have reviewed. I have enjoyed my time in this section but, after thinking some months on it, I have decided to retire my quill, at least in this section and under this name. I am having trouble with spending so much time on a story and then feeling, because of lack of reviews, that no one is reading what I have spent most of my spare time working on. I am sorry if this angers anyone but this decision did not come easily to me. I will continue to beta read for Cairnsy and to read fanfic, reviewing when I want to. I'm just tired of putting the effort in something that no one is reading. I will continue to write and post Harry Potter fanfic on a website that two of my friends run if anyone is interested in reading more of my stuff or the rest of my unfinished Sirius Black fic. The site is called The Marauder's Place and it is run by TheMischiefMakers who have a link to it on their profile. Good luck to those of you who continue to write in this section. I wish you all

the best. ~WeasleyTwin2~

End
file.